

# ECHO

## HAPPY VOICES



F-46.12  
Ec 445

AMERICAN TRACT SOY.  
150 NASSAU ST. NEW-YORK.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

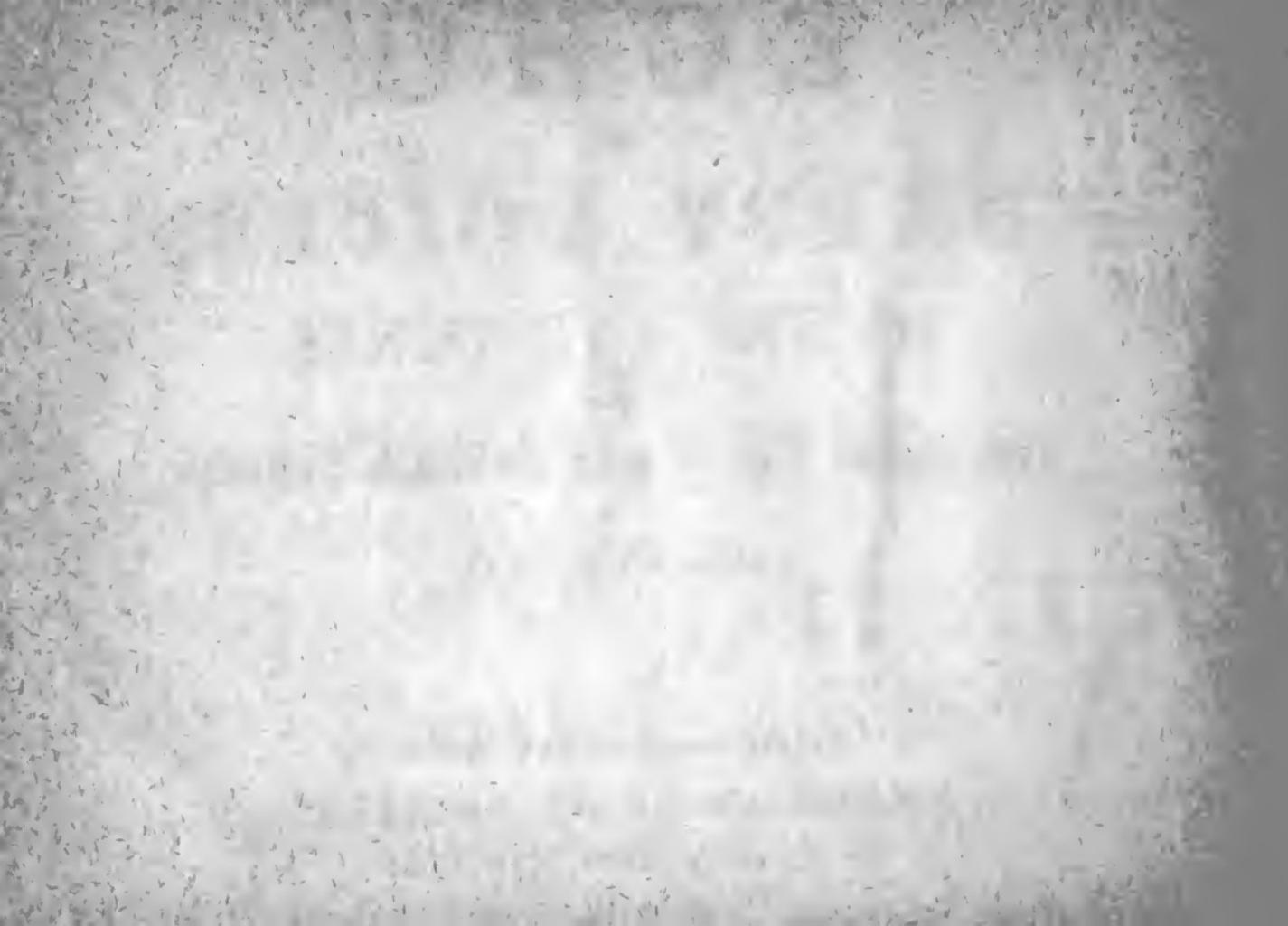
SCA  
1747





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
Calvin College

<http://www.archive.org/details/echotohappyvoice00amer>



E C H O

TO

“HAPPY VOICES;”

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

The Home Circle and Sabbath-Schools.

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,  
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



# PREFACE.

---

THE same qualities that have made "Happy Voices" so widely known and so highly prized, are found in this collection, and give it a rank not inferior to that, or any other, in all the elements of real excellence. A very large majority of both the tunes and the hymns are new, and the selected tunes are the gems of the books from which they are taken; and all the pieces are fitted to gratify and promote a pure musical and poetic taste. It is with much pleasure that we offer to the Christian public, and especially to our millions of young friends, a book so sure to please and benefit them, and including many new gems of music and song from composers they have already learned to love.

W. W. R.

---

## GENERAL INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

ANNIVERSARY, 142.	MISSION WORK, 12, 20, 61, 72, 74-76, 81, 83, 85, 87-94, 114, 115, 137, 148, 150, 152.
CHRIST, 3, 4, 7, 8, 19, 24, 27, 31, 32, 33, 42-45, 47, 49, 54, 57, 64, 65, 68, 69, 73, 86, 91, 92, 94, 97, 99, 103, 110, 111, 134, 147, 150.	NEW YEAR, 114, 115.
CHRISTIAN LIFE, 18, 22, 24, 26, 40, 41, 50-58, 62-67, 71, 77, 78, 80-84, 90-95, 100, 111, 119, 135, 142, 144, 146-148.	PARTING, 145, 157.
CHRISTMAS, 49, 86, 88, 96, 100-111, 154.	PENITENCE AND FAITH, 4, 27, 32, 33, 37, 42, 56, 57, 67, 79, 92, 99, 107, 116, 119, 124.
DEATH, 118, 131-133, 141, 158.	PRaise AND WORSHIP, 2, 3, 6, 9, 10, 13, 16, 17, 23, 24, 57, 94, 100, 152.
HEAVEN, 6, 46, 58, 63, 69, 74, 116-147.	PRAYER, 29, 32, 39, 44, 45, 54, 59, 60, 66, 79, 84, 100, 107.
INFANT CLASSES, 12, 28, 39, 43-53, 60, 64, 80, 85, 105, 109, 149.	RESURRECTION, EASTER, 1, 112, 113.
INVITATION, 4, 5, 11, 14, 18, 20, 21, 25-31, 34-38, 45, 46, 63, 97, 140.	SABBATH, 9, 13, 15, 21, 70, 95, 98.
	TEMPERANCE, 151.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

## ECHO

TO

## HAPPY VOICES.

J. H. NEALE, D. D.

## 1. Hallelujah!

Music by J. T. DURYEA, D. D.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Fi - ished is the bat - tle now, Crown-ed is the  
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! By the death that Him be - fell, Je - sus Christ hath

Cres.

Vic - tor's brow! Hence with sad - ness, Sing with glad - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 van - quished hell. Earth is siug - ing, Heav'n is ring - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah!

3. Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 On this morning he arose,  
 Bright with victory o'er his foes.

Sing we, lauding  
 And applauding, Hallelujah!

4. Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 He hath closed hell's brazen door,  
 Heaven is open evermore!

Hence with sadness,  
 Sing with gladness, Hallelujah!

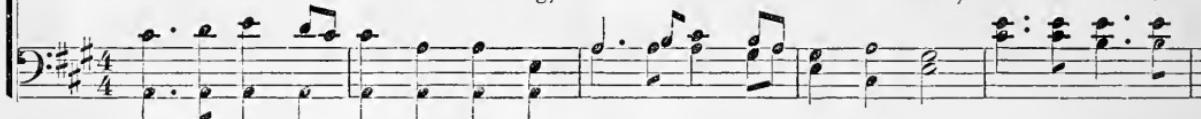
5. Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 By thy wounds we call on thee,  
 So from death to set us free,  
 That our living  
 Be thanksgiving! Hallelujah!

## Hark! the Angels' Harps are Sounding!

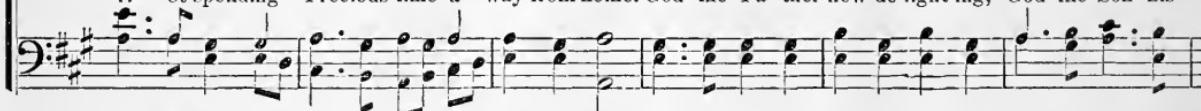
Words by E. T. CARVER.



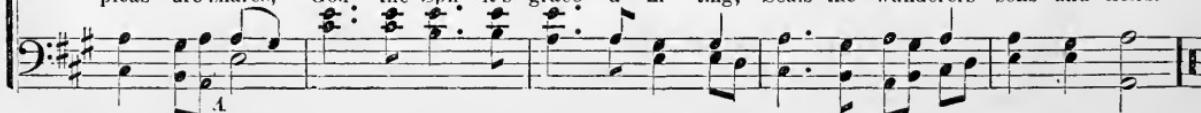
1. Hark! the an-gels' harps are sound-ing! What can raise their an-thems so? What can cause such  
 2. In our Fa-ther's pres-ence dwell-ing, An-gels know that Fa-ther's love; When that love to  
 3. See the lost sons home-ward wend-ing, Nev-er more far off to roam; Nev-er more in



joy a-bound-ing? Tell me, for I long to know. Songs for pardon'd souls are pealing; Loud and high their earth is well-ing, Joy the deep-est reigns a-bove. If in heav'n such strains are swelling, 'Mid the choir of ri - ot spending Precious time a-way from home. God the Fa-ther now de-light-ing, God the Son his



notes they raise: Rapturous glad-ness they are feel-ing, For they're chanting Je-sus' praise.  
 spir-it there, Shall not we on earth yet dwell-ing, Seek their hap-pi-ness to share?  
 pleas-ure shares, God the Spir-it's grace u-ni-ting, Seals the wanderers sons and heirs.



## Hosanna to the Son of David!



joy - ous anthem rolled. Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! ho - san - na in the high - est to Da - vid's roy - al  
 comes to bless and save! Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! ho - san - na in the high - est, etc.

## CHORUS.



3. Hosanna to the Son of David!  
 They sang 'mid frowns and foes;  
 And louder yet, and louder,  
 Their song triumphant rose.—Cho.

4. Hosanna to the Son of David!  
 Our youthful lips reply;  
 For us he left his glory,  
 For us he came to die.—Cho.

5. Hosanna to the Son of David!  
 Let every creature sing,  
 And every heart enthrone him  
 As Prophet, Priest, and King.—Cho.

## The Old, Old Story.

H. KINGSBURY.



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in; That won - der - ful Re -



glo - ry— Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As  
 demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For



to a lit - tle child; For I am weak and wea - ry, And sin - ful and de - filed.  
 I for - get so soon; The ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.



# The Old, Old Story.—concluded.

5

3. Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones and grave;  
Remember I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me the story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

4. Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Shall dawn upon my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story—  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

## 5. "Come Hither, all ye Weary Souls."

1. "Come hith - er, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav - y - la - den sinners, come; I'll give you rest from  
2. "They shall find rest who learn of me; I'm of a meek and low - ly mind: But pas - sion ra - ges

all your toils, And raise you to my heaven - ly home, And raise you to my heaven-ly home.  
like the sea, And pride is rest - less as the wind, And pride is rest - less as the wind.

3. "Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light."

4. Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith and hope and humble zeal  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.

## A Cheerful Song.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Come, children, let us sing, as we dai - ly onward press To a mansion in the heav'nly land; In the

path that Je - sus trod, in the way of ho - li-ness, Let us walk, a hap - py ran - somed band.

**CHORUS.**

Then we'll raise the head bow'd down, And we'll think of harp and crown, And the robe that decks the shi - ning

throng; We will dry the tear-ful eye, For the glory's coming nigh, And we'll greet it with a cheer-ful song.

## A Cheerful Song—CONCLUDED.

7

2. Perhaps the rankling thorn may the weary feet annoy,  
Or the lurking foe may hurl the dart:  
But the Saviour will provide, and our grief shall turn to joy,  
As he folds us to his loving heart.—CHO.
3. True happiness is found in the pathway of the wise;  
Then with cheerfulness we 'll pass along:
- We are children of a King whom the wicked may despise,  
But he 'll crown us in the land of song.—CHO.
4. Dear children, yet astray on the mountains drear and cold,  
Wont you heed the Saviour's call to-day?  
Wont you travel on with us to the city paved with gold?  
Wont you walk with us the narrow way?—CHO.

### 7. Jesus, We Praise Thee.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Je - sus, we praise thee in our songs, We seek thee in our prayers; Our ten - der love to  
thee belongs: That love each heart de - clares, O Christ, That love each heart de - clares.

2. Thou art our Lord and Friend and Guide: Control and guide and lead;  
With thee our souls are satisfied; Thee, only thee, we need, O Christ,  
Thee, only thee, we need.
3. To thee we turn when life looks bright, Glad youth's glad morning dawns;  
Gladness grows brighter in thy sight: Our joy thy love adorns, O Christ,  
Our joy thy love adorns.
4. And when the night draws nigh apace Thy glory gilds the night;  
Dim eyes behold thy shining face: Dying, we see thy light, O Christ;  
Waking, we see thy light.

**"Jesus Died for Me."**

H. KINGSBURY.

1. I love to sing of that great Power That made the earth and sea; But bet - ter still, I  
 2. I love to sing of shrub and flower, Of field and plant and tree; My sweet - est note for

**CHORUS.**

love the song Of "Je - sus died for me;" "Je - sus died for me;"  
 ev - er is, That "Je - sus died for me;" "Je - sus died for me;" etc.

"Je - sus died for me;" Ah! most of all I love the song of "Je - sus died for me."

3. I love to speak of God, of heaven,  
 And all its purity;  
 God is my Father—heaven my home,  
 For "Jesus died for me."

4. And when I reach that happy place,  
 From all temptation free,  
 I'll tune my ever rapturous notes  
 With "Jesus died for me."

5. There shall I, at his sacred feet,  
 Adoring, bow the knee,  
 And swell the everlasting choir  
 With "Jesus died for me."

## Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness!

1. Oh, day of rest and glad - ness! Oh, day of joy and light! Oh, balm of care and  
sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend -  
ing be - fore the throne, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great Three in One.

2. On thee at the creation  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven,  
And thus on thee, most glorions,  
A triple light was given.

3. To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

4. New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son;  
The church her voice upraises  
To thee, blest Three in One.

## Thank God for Pleasant Weather.

1. Thank God for pleas - ant weath - er; Chant it, mer - ry rills, And clap your hands to -  
 2. Thank God, of good the giv - er; Shout it, sport - ive breeze; Re - spond, O tune - ful

3. Thank God with cheer - ful spir - it, In a glow of love, For what we here in -

geth - er, Ye ex - ult - ing hills: Thank him, teen - ing val - ley,  
 riv - er, To the nod - ding trees; Thank him, bird and bird - ling,

her - it, And our hopes a - - bove. U - ni - ver - sal Na - ture

Thank him, fruit - ful plain, For the gold - en sun - shine, And the sil - ver rain.  
 As ye grow and sing; Min - gle in thanks-giv - ing, Ev - ery liv - ing thing.

Rev - els in her mirth, When God, in pleasant weath - er, Smiles up - on the earth.

# Salvation !

11



1. Sal - vation ! sal - vation ! there's joy in the sound, Wher-ev - er a sin or a sor - row is found : It
2. What tho' you are wretched and guilt - y and poor, The vi - lest of men may the bless-ing se - cure ; 'Tis



is the sweet theme of the glo - ri - fied saint, And cheers the poor pil - grim when wea - ry and faint.  
free as the air or the light of the day, For sin - ners have noth-ing what - ev - er to pay.



## CHORUS.



Sal - va-tion ! sal - va-tion from sin's con-dem - na-tion, Pro-claim thro' the world a sal - va-tion di - vine.



3. But though it is freely bestowed on the lost,  
How great is its value, how great was its cost !  
Not earth with its riches could furnish the price ;  
The blood of Immanuel alone would suffice.—Cho.

4. Go read in his toils and his tears and his blood  
His love for the sinner, which nothing subdued ;  
Reject him no longer, nor pierce him anew ;  
Accept the salvation he purchased for you.—Cho.

13

## Life's Rosy Morn.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Life's ro - sy morn her gold - en light Is soft - ly fling-ing o'er us, And many a love - ly  
fruit and flower Doth deck the path be - fore us; But, oh, the fair - est flower-ets fade When  
death comes sad-ly steal - ing: Then let us seek that radiant land Where sweet-est notes are peal - ing.

2. Each day upon its heavenward flight  
Should bear some record golden,  
Of gentle words and loving deeds  
And helping hands outholden—  
Some brother cheered upon the way,  
Some sister's spirit brightened,  
Some wandering lamb led back again,  
Some weary bosom lightened.

3. And oh, the poor, benighted lands,  
Our bosoms swell with pity!  
We faint would point them to the way  
To the celestial city—  
That city paved with purest gold,  
With pearly lustre gleaming,  
And light from many a sparkling crown  
In wondrous beauty streaming.

4. Then let us link each heart and hand  
In bonds of love together,  
To toil in life's sweet summer-tide,  
E'en on to wintry weather;  
That soon each heart, in every clime,  
From all things else may sever,  
And learn to bow at Jesus' shrine  
For ever and for ever.

# Sabbath Hymn.

13



1. O Lord, I hail thy sa - cred day, In love to mor-tals given; I'll read thy word, I'll  
2. The world in gau - dy glo-ries dressed, Would lure my heart a - way; How much I need the



## CHORUS.



praise and pray, And think of God and heaven. O morn - ing bright, O glo - rious day When  
day of rest To win it back to thee. O morn - ing bright, O glo - rious day, etc.



Je - sus o'er the tomb Tri - umph - ant rose, and drove a - way Its ter - rors and its gloom.



3. While some for mirth and noisy sports  
To haunts of sin repair,  
I'll hasten to thy holy courts,  
And join in worship there.—Cho.

4. 'Tis there I'll search the Book divine  
That guides my wandering feet;  
More precious than the gems that shine  
In kingly coronet.—Cho.

5. Thus help me, Lord, to spend thy day,  
Best day of all the seven;  
And make it as it glides away  
An antepast of heaven.—Cho

## The Year of Jubilee.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY,

1. Hark! 'tis the trum-pet of lib-er-ty sound-ing O-ver the moun-tain, o-ver the plain;  
2. Lift up your heads, O ye cap-tives and debt-ors; Bur-ied in dark-ness why will ye lie?

Joy to the bond-man, for free grace a-bound-ing O - pens the pris - on, and breaks the chain.  
Break forth in sing - ing, and cast off your fet - ters. Leap in your glad-ness, from bond - age fly.

**CHORUS.**

- CHORUS.** *ff* Shout, 'tis the year of ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee; Je - sus has tri - umphed, *pp*

**ff**

3. Come forth and read, in Redemption's great charter,  
How the poor captive freedom may gain;  
Come, though in madness ye ventured to barter  
Wealth of the skies for the bondman's chain.—**CHO.**

4. Child of oppression, let nothing detain thee,  
Jesus has purchased freedom for thee;  
Sin may distress, but shall never enchain thee;  
Freeman is he whom the Son makes free.—**CNO.**

man is free, man is free, man is free; Je - sus has triumphed, man is free.

## 15. Sabbath Morning Hymn.

1. A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Je - ho - vah blest;  
When, like his own, he bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.

2. Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;  
So shall he hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3. Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,  
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,  
Glory supreme be thine, till life shall end.

## The Spacious Firmament on High.



1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky, And spangled heav'n's, a  
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night - ly to the



3. What, tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark ter - res - trial ball; What, tho' no re - al



shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal proclaim: Th' unwea - ried sun, from day to day, Does  
list - ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And



voice nor sound A - mid the ra - diant orbs be found; In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And



his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to eve - ry land The work of an Al - might - y hand.  
all the plan - et's in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the trith from pole to pole.



ut - ter forth a glorious voice; For - ev - er sing-ing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di - vine."

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly Fa - ther! O Christ, as - cend - ed high! O pure, ce - les - tial  
Spir - it, E - ter - nal Trim - i - ty! We, with the count - less ser - aphs, We,  
with thy saints in light, Bow down in ad - o - ra - tion, And praise thee day and night.

2. One life pervades thy ransomed  
Within the golden gate,  
And those who still are pilgrims  
And for their glory wait.  
The shouts of triumph yonder,  
The plaintive songs of earth,  
Flow from the Spirit's presence;  
Both own a heavenly birth.

3. The precious blood of Jesus  
Is now within the veil—  
Yonder thy saints behold it;  
We, too, by it prevail.  
Upon each shining forehead  
I read the Saviour's name;  
While we, now pressing forward,  
Bear on our brows the same.

4. Then teach us, Lord, to worship  
With loving hearts to-day,  
And while we sing thy praises,  
And learn in faith to pray,  
Help us to feel our union  
With all who know thy name,  
And glory in Jehovah,  
Unchangeably the same.

## The Captain, the Pilot, and Guide.

1. Oh, who'll be a sol - diei and bat - tle with sin, With foe - men with-out and with foe - men with in, And  
 2. Oh, who'll be a sail - or on life's stormy main, And brave the dark tem-pest and fierce hur - ri-cane? Their

sheath not the sword, al tho' wea - ry the arm, Till wav - ing in glo - ry the con - queror's palm? The  
 moor - ings they loose, and their anchor they weigh: Who'll board the stout vessel, ship Zi - on, to - day? The

foe is in sight; Who'll join in the fight? With Christ for our Cap - tain we'll put him to flight.  
 port is in view, The fair bree - zes woo; With Christ for our Pi - lot, who'll join the glad crew?

3. Oh, who 'll be a pilgrim, with scrip and with staff,  
And heed not the world with its sneer and its laugh,  
But tread the rough path without fear or complaint,  
And daily press onward, though weary and faint?

Our home is at hand;

Who 'll join then our band,

With Christ for our Guide, to the beautiful land?

4. A soldier, a sailor, a pilgrim who 'll be?  
Come, youth, with affections so warm and so free,  
We 're marching, we 're sailing, we 're pilgrims to-day;  
Then turn from the world and its follies away:

In Jesus confide,

Whatever betide,

And he 'll be our Captain, and Pilot, and Guide.

19. Peace, Peace I Leave with You.



1. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you; Trust to my care. Thus the Re-

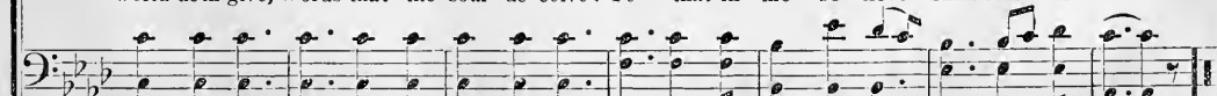
2. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you, Per - feet and pure; Not as the



3. Peace, peace I leave with you; My peace I give to you, Tho' foes in - vade. All power is



deem - er said, And bowed his sa - cred head Low in the gar - den shade, Wrestling in prayer.  
world doth give, Words that the soul de - ceive: Ye that in me be - lieve Shall rest se - eure.



given to me; I will your ref - uge be Now and e - ter - nal - ly; Be not dis - mayed.

## Hail, Happy Day!

1. Hail, hap - py day! 'tis a day of sal - va - tion; Large-ly on chil - dren the Spir - it is poured:  
 2. Hail, hap - py day! for our eyes now be - hold them Walk-ing the path which the pa-rents have trod;

Moved by a spir - it of true con - se - cra - tion, Thousands are yield-ing their hearts to the Lord.  
 \*Leav - ing the earth - ly delights which controlled them, Now they re - joice in the smile of their God.

**CHORUS.**

Come, chil - dren, come, to the Sav - iour sur - ren - der Life's ro - sy dawn and your hearts warm and

3. Hail, happy day! for the church is arising,  
 Great in her beauty, and strong in her might;  
 Young hearts and hands for her good are devising;  
 Fairer and fairer she beams on the sight.—Cho.

4. Hail, happy day! why should Zion be fearful?  
 God from above all her wants will supply;  
 Lean on his word with a faith strong and cheerful;  
 Zion shall live though her leaders may die.—Cho.

ten - der; Come ere the world with its bur - dens shall hin - der, Come, children, come while there's room.

## 21. Bells are Ringing.

**DUETT.**

1. Chil - - dren, hark! the bells are ring - ing; Join the prayer and  
join the sing - ing; Don't de - lay; Come a - way to the Sab - bath-school.

**CHORUS.**

Come, come, come away; Come, come, come away; Bells are ringing, come away To the Sabbath-school.  
Bells are ringing, come a-way; Bells are ringing, come a-way; Bells are ringing, come a-way To the Sabbath-school.

2. Come with cheerful hearts and faces;  
Seek your classes, take your places;  
Mirth forbear, God is there,  
In the Sabbath-school.—Cho.

3. 'Tis the place where Jesus meets you,  
And in loving accents greets you;  
Children all, Heed his call  
In the Sabbath-school.—Cho.

4. Streams of free salvation flowing,  
Life and purity bestowing,  
Here are found, And abound,  
In the Sabbath-school.—Cho.

## We are Soldiers, One and All.

1. We are soldiers, one and all, Marching at our Captain's call, Thro' the pass-es of a strange and for-eign

land; Where we may not pause nor stay, For there's danger in the way, And a nev-er-sleep-ing foe on either hand.

## CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! we all are march-ing on - ward, On-ward to the bat - tle fields of life; Be the

2. We are following the road

All the saints and martyrs trod:

They have conquered, and their warfare now is o'er.

They have laid their armor down,

And put on the heavenly crown,

And they sing the song of angels evermore.—Cho.

3. Then press onward to the fight,

And strike boldly for the right,

And valiantly do battle with the wrong!

And around the starry banner

We will shout the glad hosanna,

As with brave and cheerful hearts we march along.—Cho.

Lord of hosts our Leader, and in him be all our trust, And we all shall be vic-to-rious in the strife.

## 23. Glory to the Father Give.

CHORUS.

1. { Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give—God in whom we move and live. } { O Fa - ther al-  
{ Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Chil-dren's songs de-light his ear. } { All glo - ry and }

migh - ty, to thee be ad-dressed, With Christ and the Spir - it, one God ev - er blessed,  
wor - ship, from earth and from heaven, As was, and is now, and shall ev - er be given.

2. Glory to the Son we bring—  
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Children, raise your sweetest strain  
To the Lamb for sinners slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost;  
Be this day a Pentecost;  
All our minds may he inspire,  
Touch our tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be  
To the blessed Trinity,  
For the gospel from above,  
For the truth that "God is love."

## Sing, Children, Sing!

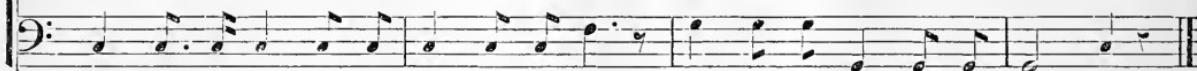
A. A. GRALEY.



1. Sing, chil-dren, sing, when the cross you bear; Sing - ing will make it feel light - er.  
 2. Why should the heirs to a throne be sad; Why filled with care for the mor - row?



Sing, children, sing, though the des - ert is drear; Sing - ing will make it seem bright - er.  
 Sun - shine or storm, ev - er sing and be glad, Though in a re - gion of sor - row.



## CHORUS.



Sing, chil - dren, sing, as you press to the skies; Lift up your hearts and your voi - ces.



3. Pilgrims have sung till the gloomy grave  
 Seemed but the gateway of glory;  
 Heroes have sung as they walked with the brave  
 Paths that were thorny and gory.—Cho.

4. March then to Canaan with cheerful song,  
 Cast off the mantle of sadness:  
 Nearer you draw to the glorified throng  
 Safe in the region of gladness.—Cho.

Sing, chil - dren, sing, as you fight for the prize; Sing till the des - er -t re - joi - ces.

## 25. Rest in Jesus.

1. Oh, dry the fall-ing tear, Child of sin and sor -row; There is a ref-uge near For the sore op-pressed.

What-e'er thy bur-den be, Seek the lov-ing Sav - iour: He waits to com-fort thee; He will give thee rest.

He is a Friend indeed—  
Friend above all others;  
Help in the hour of need  
Gladly he affords.  
No more in darkness pine;  
Learn of him, O mourner:  
Wisdom and love combine  
In his gracious words.

3. Art thou by sin defiled?  
Weepest thou in bondage  
Long hast thou vainly toiled  
For thy liberty?  
Weep then and toil no more,  
Go at once to Jesus;  
He opes the prison door,  
Sets the captive free.

4. Then dry the tear of grief,  
Child of sin and sorrow;  
There is a sure relief  
For the sore oppressed:  
Jesus has bled and died  
'Neath the heavy burden.  
Trust in him crucified;  
He will give thee rest.

## Early Piety.

1. How hap - py is the child who walks The path - way of the wise; Who hates what care-less  
sin - ners love, And loves what they de - spise. He watch - es well the way - ward heart, And  
curbs the rest - less tongue, With ho - ly zeal pur - sues the right, And turns from what is wrong.

2. He holds communion with his God  
As friend communes with friend;  
He loves the place where saints resort,  
And there his footsteps tend:  
So young in years, full well he knows  
He's young in knowledge too;  
Hence to the Sabbath-school he goes,  
That knowledge to pursue.

3. What though he daily self denies,  
And daily bears a cross,  
There's pleasure in each pain he feels,  
And gain in every loss:  
His young affections fondly twine  
Around the better part;  
The light of heaven is on his brow,  
Its joy within his heart.

4. He sees no merit in his deeds,  
He counts them all but dross;  
He clings to Jesus as his all,  
And glories in his cross;  
With sacred peace and holy love  
His youthful bosom glows;  
And in the garden of the Lord  
No fairer floweret grows.



1. When chasing the phantoms of earth that misguide us, Un - hap - py and rest-less as waves of the sea, There  
 2. That justice might reign and the sin-ner be pardoned, The Father's own dar-ling must suf-fer and die. Oh,



## CHORUS.



comes a sweet voice from the Saviour beside us, "Poor sin-ner, oh, lov - est thou me?" Lov - est thou me?  
 sure - ly the heart that is stubborn and hardened Must melt when the cross meets the eye. Lov - est thou me?



Lovest thou me? I am thy Saviour and Friend. Lovest thou me? Lovest thou me? I am thy Saviour and Friend.



3. Oh, his was a love that was boundless and tender;  
 Though tried in the furnace, it suffered no loss;  
 It led him his glory to veil, and surrender  
 The crown and the throne for the cross.—Cho.

4. My Saviour, I yield every tender emotion;  
 The soul thou hast ransomed imbue with thy love,  
 Till wrapt in the flame of undying devotion,  
 It soars to thy presence above.—Cho.

## There's Room for the Children.

1. There's room for the children in the Saviour's fold, For he is the Friend of the child; He  
 2. There's room for the children in the pastures fair; The herb-age is ten- der and sweet; And

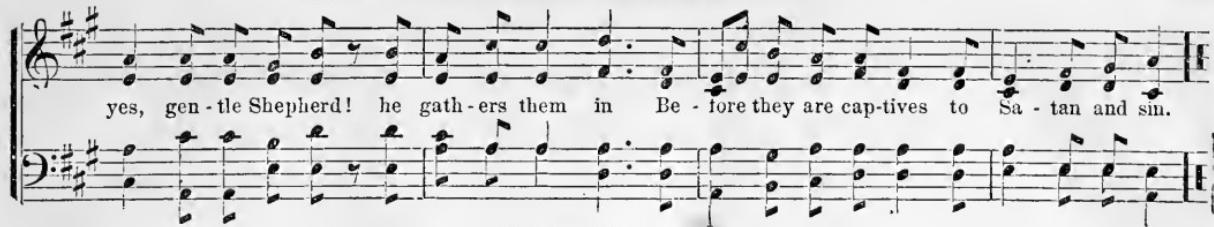
seeks them when stray-ing on the moun-tains cold, By fol- ly and pleas- ure be-guiled.  
 streams gen-tly flow-ing shall re-fresh them there, And rest in the sha-dy re-treat.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, yes—gen-tle Shepherd!—he gath-ers them in, gath-ers them in, gath-ers them in; Oh,

3. There's room for the children in the Saviour's heart,  
 When wounded they sigh for repose;  
 There, safe from the tempest and the rankling dart,  
 They smile at their fears and their foes.—Cho.

4. There's room for the children in the fold above;  
 For now, in the pasture below,  
 Their young hearts are melted by a Saviour's love,  
 And wiser and purer they grow—Cho.



## 29. The Child's Prayer.

Musical score for 'The Child's Prayer' in G major, common time. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system contains four stanzas of lyrics:

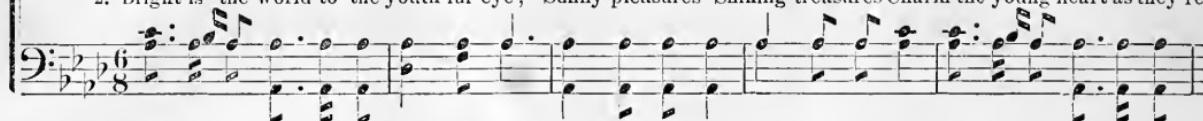
1. Ear - ly saved from sin and wrath, Ear - ly gath-ered in thy fold, Ear - ly found in wisdom's path,
2. Ere the warm affections twine  
Round the earthly and the vain,  
Ere the evil days are mine,  
Fraught with sorrow and with pain,  
Early by thy power divine  
Make me, Lord, a child of thine.
3. Early planted by thy hand,  
In thy vineyard may I stand,  
Nurtured by the showers of grace  
And the sunshine of thy face,  
Growing 'neath thy watch and care,  
Precious clusters may I bear.
4. Then, tho' heart and flesh should fail,  
And the youthful cheek grow pale,  
Sweet would be my early tomb,  
Void of terror and of gloom;  
There, no more to sin and weep,  
Many youthful pilgrims sleep.

## The Waters of Life

A. A. GRALEY.



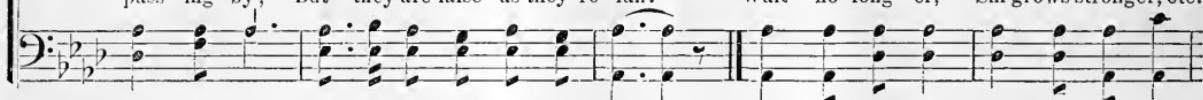
1. Come to the Sav-iour, ye youth-ful souls; Time is fly-ing, Ye are dy-ing; Freely the stream of sal-  
2. Bright is the world to the youth-ful eye; Sunny pleasures Shining treasures Charm the young heart as they're



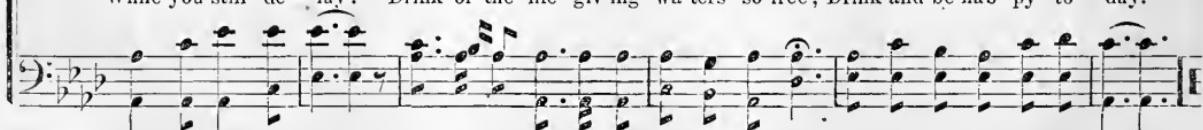
## CHORUS.



va - tion rolls; Drink and be hap-py to-day. Wait no long-er, Sin grows stronger  
pass-ing by; But they are false as they're fair. Wait no long-er, Sin grows stronger, etc.



While you still de-lay: Drink of the life-giv-ing wa-ters so free; Drink and be hap-py to-day.



3. Oh, there are joys for the Christian heart,  
Pure and glowing, Ever flowing;  
Such as no pleasures of earth impart,  
Rays from the sunlight above.—Cho.

4. Though there's a cross for the saint to bear,  
Never fear it, Bravely bear it;  
Think of the crown that the saint shall wear  
When in the kingdom above.—Cho.

## Knocking at the Door.

1. Youth - ful sin - ner, thoughtless walk - ing On this sin - pol - lu - ted shore, Lis - ten to the  
 ur - gent knocking, Knocking at the door. Knocking, knocking, knocking, knocking,  
 Knocking at the door; Knocking, knocking, knocking, knocking, Knocking at the door.

CHORUS.

2. Why at sin will you be mocking,  
 When 'twas sin the Saviour tore?  
 See, with bleeding hand he's knocking,  
 Knocking at the door!—Cho.

3. Now the stubborn heart unlocking,  
 Ne'er refuse your Saviour more;  
 Bid him cease the weary knocking,  
 Knocking at the door.—Cho.

4. Join the ransomed ones now flocking  
 Happy to the shining shore;  
 Those who listened to the knocking,  
 Knocking at the door.—Cho.

## Shall I be There?

"Song Annual," by leave of T. E. PERKINS.



1. When saints gath - er round thee, dear Sav - iour, a - bove, And hast - en to crown thee with jew - els of  
 2. When teach - ers and schol - ars each oth - er shall greet, And join in the an - them at Je - sus' dear  
 3. When those who have la - bored and strug - gled to save Their loved ones from sor - row be - yond the dark

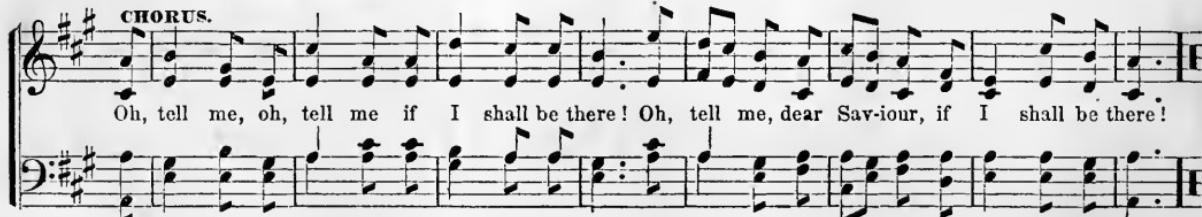


love, A - mid those bright mansions of glo - ry so fair, Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!  
 feet, Rich to - kens of mer - ey for ev - er to share, Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!



grave, Are bring-ing the treasures they gathered with care, Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

## CHORUS.



Oh, tell me, oh, tell me if I shall be there! Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there!

4. When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore  
 Beyond the dark river, and time is no more;  
 When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,  
 Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!—Cho.

5. O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace  
 Alone can prepare me to enter that place:  
 I'm stained and polluted; but shall I despair?  
 Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!—Cho.

## At the Door.

1. { My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door; Has knocked, and is knocking a - gain; } In  
 I hear his kind voice; I'll re - jeet him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain. } In

I'll yield to the voice of his mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Sav - iour come in. (Omit to Cho.)

## CHORUS.

in - finite mercy he came from above, To ransom, to cleanse me from sin: Saviour, come in, cleanse me from sin;  
 D. C. "I'll yield to the voice," etc.

Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in! En - ter the door, waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

2. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend,  
 The Life and the Truth and the Way,  
 On thy precious merit alone I depend;  
 Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.

Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart—  
 'Tis open in welcome to thee;  
 Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart;  
 Come in, with thy mercy. to me.—CHORUS.

## Haste to the Mountain.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Haste to the moun-tain, lin - ger no more; Lo, the a - ven - ger press - es thee sore.  
 2. Yield not to slum - ber, o - ver thy path Mut - ters a tem - pest hea - vy with wrath;

Hark! how his foot - steps strike on the ear! Haste to the moun - tain ref - uge is near!  
 Night is ap - proach-ing, dan - gers in - crease: Dream not of safe - ty, sing not of peace.

**CHORUS.**

Haste to the moun - tain, sin - ner, to - day, En - ter the ref - uge now while you may;

3. Cast thy fond idols out of thy heart,  
 Say to the tempters round thee, "Depart!"  
 Friendship may woo thee, pleasure beguile,  
 Fly from the charmer, heed not her smile.—Cho.

4. Refuge of sinners, Saviour divine,  
 Gather the children, for they are thine—  
 Thine by creation, thine by thy cross;  
 Hide them, oh, hide them, save them from loss.—Cho.

Haste to the moun - tain, sin - ner de - filed, En - ter the ref - uge, though but a child.

## 35. The Favorable Hour.

1. Youthful wand'rer, come away, Leave the tho'tless and the gay; Jesus calls, no more delay, Nor risk eternal loss.

Ere the day of grace shall end, Ere the Judge his throne ascend, On his righteousness depend, And glory in his cross.

2. Now, while in your youthful bloom,  
While the Spirit whispers, "Come!"  
While the gospel cries, "There's  
room  
For all who enter in;"  
Ere the Master shuts the door,

And in love invites no more,  
Seize at once the favored hour,  
Nor perish in thy sin.

3. Days of grace are gliding fast,  
Soon the harvest will be past,

Mercy's tender call at last  
Will cease to greet the ear;  
Then, when death shall hurl the dart,  
And from earthly joys you part,  
Who shall calm your troubled heart,  
Or save you from despair?

## Why will you Die?

*Not too fast.*

1. Poor cap - tive to sin, and by Sa - tan controlled, Look up to the cross, where in  
 2. Oh, hark to the groans of the lov - ing and good; Oh, gaze on the wounds and the

an-guish un-told, The dy-ing Re-deem-er of man you be-hold. O sin-ner, he suf-fers for thee!  
 fast-flowing blood, See sorrow and wrath o'er him roll-like a flood! O sin-ner, he suf-fers for thee!

## CHORUS.

Why will you die, oh, why will you die, When Je - sus has died on the tree? Oh

3. The angels are veiled in their snowy attire,  
 All hushed are their songs, and all silent their lyres;  
 But 'tis not for them that the Saviour expires;  
 No, sinner, he suffers for thee.—CHO.

4. Oh, why should your lot be eternally cast  
 With those who shall hopelessly mourn at the last,  
 The summer is ended, the harvest is past,  
 When Jesus has suffered for thee?—CHO.

fly to his cross, on his mer - it re - ly; Poor sin - ner, he suf - fers for thee.

## 37. A Saviour for Me.

H. K.

1. I have read of the Sav - iour's love, And a won - der - ful love it must be; But  
did lie come down from a - - above, Out of love and com - pas - sion for me?

2. I have heard how he suffered and bled,  
How he languish'd and died on the tree;  
But then is it anywhere said  
That he languish'd and suffered for me?
3. I've been told of a heaven on high,  
Which the children of God soon will see;  
But is there a place in the sky  
Made ready and furnished for me?
4. Lord, deign on my cold heart to shine,  
For to whom shall I go but to thee?  
And say, by thy Spirit divine,  
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

## The Good Tidings.

1. Have you heard the good ti - dings, dear chil - dren? And have they sunk deep in your hearts? The  
 2. For the guilt - y he pa - tient - ly suf - fered, And sunk 'neath the load of their sin; He  
 3. There are thou-sands now dwell-ing in dark - ness, While light shines a - round you so clear; In

ti - dings of Je - sus the Sav - iour, And what his sal - va - tion im - parts? Oh,  
 o - pened the gate - way to glo - ry, That all, if they would, might come in. Then

wretch - ed - ness thou - sands are pi - ning, While ac - cents of mer - cy you hear. Then

yes, you have heard the good ti - dings, Like mu - sic they seemed to the ear; But  
 say, can you hear the good ti - dings, And dai - ly grow care - less and bold? Oh,

wel - come with joy the good ti - dings, And give them a place in your heart; Oh,

# The Good Tidings.—CONCLUDED.

39

say, are you fol - low - ing Je - sus? And does he all love - ly ap - pear?  
 turn from the path - way of fol - ly, And join the dear lambs of his fold.  
 en - ter the fold of the Shep - herd, And nev - er, no, nev - er de - part.

## 39. Jesus, High in Glory. For an Infant Class.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear; When we bow be - fore thee, In - fant praises hear.  
 2. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.

We are lit - tle . chil-dren, Weak and apt to stray; Saviour, guide and keep us In the heavenly way.  
 Then, when Je-sus calls us To our heavenly home, We will gladly an-swer, "Saviour, Lord! we come!"



1. The fa - thers and moth - ers soon will en - ter in - to rest, Where tears are wiped a - way, and no  
2. They sow and they gath - er with a weak and trembling hand, But stronger grows their faith as they



sigh shall heave the breast; But when they are sing - ing with the pure and glo - ri - fied, The  
near the bless - ed land: Shall ours be the meas - ure of their warm and pa - tient love When



good work will pros - per, the good work will pros - per, The good work will pros - per, for the  
they are re - joi - cing, when they are re - joi - cing, When they are re - joi - cing in their



## "Instead of thy Fathers shall be thy Children."—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Say - iour will pro - vide. Oh, yes, we are com - ing, we are com - ing in our youth; We will  
hap - py home a - bove. Oh, yes, we are com - ing, we are com - ing in our youth, etc.

try to fill their pla - ces as we bat - tle for the truth; And stone af - ter stone in the

tem - ple of the Lord We will lay, when in glo - ry they are reap - ing their re - ward.

3. They love not the earthly, and they thirst not for renown,  
They keep the eye of faith on the never-fading crown;  
They stand up for Jesus, and they love and pray for all:  
Will Zion still prosper when the noble pillars fall?—Cho.

4. Dear fathers and mothers, when your toils and tears are o'er,  
And Jesus calls you home to the ever-verdant shore,  
When won is life's battle, and you lay down sword and shield,  
We'll gird on the armor that you leave upon the field.—Cho.

## The Pilgrim Band.



1. Oh, tell me, ye stran - gers, I pray, When beau - ty and youth are your own, Why  
 2. When scenes of temp - ta - tion al - lure, When thorns strew the path - way you tread, What



3. But how can you pa - tient - ly bear The cross, with its bur - den and scorn? Why



turn from the world - ly and gay, And press to a coun - try un - known!  
 helps you to meek - ly en - dure, And joy - ful - ly lift up the head?



taste not the joys that would cheer Your bright and your beau - ti - ful morn?

## CHORUS.



We're a youth - ful pil - grim band, Bound to Ca - naan's hap - py land, Where the saints in



4. Ye pilgrims, with you I'll forsake  
 The sin that defiles and destroys;  
 My staff in my hand I will take,  
 And share in your songs and your joys.—CHORUS.

5. Though tempted and wounded and tried,  
 Our fears to the winds will we fling;  
 With Jesus for Guardian and Guide,  
 We'll lift up our voices and sing.—CHORUS.

glo - ry stand, And their King be - hold; Where they strike the tune - ful string,  
 Where in lof - ty strains they sing, Where at Je - sus' feet they fling Crowns of shi - ning gold.

## 42. The Name of Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear—The sweetest name on earth.

2. It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of his precious blood—  
The sinner's perfect plea.

3. Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

4. In heav'n, with all the blood-bo't throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.

## Why Jesus Came.

Rev. R. LOWRY.



1. Chil-dren, can you tell me why Je-sus left his home on high--Left the glo-rious an-gels there  
 2. Oh, it was for you he came, And endured the cross and shame; 'Twas for you the thorns he wore,



3. Seek him then, dear chil-dren, now; Low in prayer be-fore him bow; Trust your precious souls to him—



For this world of tears and care—Left his Fa-ther's love-ly face For this dark and sin-ful place?  
 'Twas for you the cross he bore; 'Twas be-cause he loved you so That he bore his dy-ing woe;



He can par-don all your sin; He can make you ev-er blest, If in his dear arms you rest.

## CHORUS.



Tell me, chil-dren, tell me why Je-sus came to bleed and die. From the sins that now en-slave us  
 Yes, that you, with sin de-filed, Might become a ho-ly child. From the sins that now en-slave, etc.



Oh, dear chil-dren, this is why Je-sus came to bleed and die. From the sins that now en-slave, etc.

Je-sus gave his life to save us, For he loves us, that is why Je-sus came to bleed and die.

## 44. A Child's Prayer.

H. K.

1. When thou wert on earth, dear Je-sus, Little chil-dren came to thee; Now, al-though on high thou  
reign-est, And thy face I can-not see, Hear me when I pray to thee, Suf-fer me to come to thee.

2. Little children did not fear thee,  
Gentle was thy fond embrace;  
And I too would live so near thee  
As to feel thy power and grace.  
Loving Jesus, look on me,  
Suffer me to come to thee!

3. Thou hast given me every mercy,  
May my heart be truly thine;  
While on earth, oh let me serve thee,  
Let thy blessing still be mine!  
When I die, then stoop to me,  
Bid my spirit come to thee!

## Come unto Me.

H. KINGSBURY.



1. Je - sus, I, a lit - tle child, With my heart by sin de - filed, Hear thee say in  
 2. Je - sus, o'er my lit - tle head Thy kind hands are gen - tly spread, As the words are



3. Je - sus, on thy lov - ing breast Now I lay my head to rest, With thy glo - rious



ac - cents mild, "Come un - to me!" Oh, how sweet to me thy voice!  
 sweet - ly said, "Come un - to me!" Thy rich bless - ing I re - ceive,



words im-pressed, "Come un - to me!" I am thine, for ev - er thine!



With a full heart I re - joice, As I make the bless - ed choice, And come to thee.  
 On thee on - ly I be - lieve, Heart and all to thee I give; Yes, all to thee!



Oh, I love to call thee mine, While I hap - py here re - cline, And trust in thee!

Soli.

1. "Oh, tell us of that world of light A - bove the star - ry heav - en; Shall such a bright and  
 hap - py home To lit - tle ones be giv - en?" "Oh yes, for lit - tle ones like us Je -  
 sus is ev - er car - ing; And for the souls who fol - low him A man - sion is pre-par - ing.

Tutti.

2. "Oh, tell us of those fields of green,  
   Those flowers that never wither—  
   That day so long, so wondrous bright,  
   That day which lasts for ever."  
   "Those fields the holy angels roam,  
   All free from sin and sorrow,  
   Through that eternal, happy day  
   That never knows a morrow."

3. "Oh, tell us of the robes of white,  
   The harps, the crowns of glory;  
   Tell us of Jesus and his love,  
   That sweet, that wondrous story."  
   "To us those robes, those harps of praise,  
   And crowns, may yet be given:  
   'Twill take an everlasting day  
   To tell of Christ and heaven."

LETIS THORNE.

1. If I would be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand, To sing the Sav - iour's  
 prais - es In yon - der hap - py land, I must o - bey the pre - cepts Which  
 he has clear - ly given, To guide my wand'ring foot - steps Un - to the path of heaven.

2. He says that I must love him  
 With mind and heart and soul,  
 That every thought and action  
 Must yield to his control;  
 That if I humbly ask him,  
 He 'll pardon every sin,  
 And by his grace will help me  
 Eternal life to win.

3. He says he knows my trials,  
 And my temptations too,  
 That every secret sorrow  
 Is open to his view;  
 And promises to keep me  
 In every trying hour  
 Of sorrow, sin, or danger,  
 If I but trust his power.

4. And when this life is over,  
 He 'll take me as his own,  
 To stand am'ng the angels  
 Before his Father's throne;  
 Then I shall be an angel,  
 And glad hosannas sing  
 To Jesus Christ my Saviour,  
 And heaven's eternal King.

# I would not be an Angel.

48, 49

**48.** 1. I WANT to join the ransomed,  
And with the ransomed stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
I want to join their chorus,  
My voice I want to raise,  
And swell the song of victory  
To my Redeemer's praise.

2. Angels look on and wonder;  
They cannot join that song,  
But list in silent rapture  
While saints the notes prolong.  
Make me a saint in glory;  
Oh, let me see thy face,  
Like those who now before thee  
Repeat thy wondrous grace!

3. I would not be an angel;  
For them no Saviour died;  
No, rather let me glory  
In Christ the Crucified.  
His love shall draw me nearer  
Than angels ever come;  
At his right hand he'll place me  
In our eternal home.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

49. The Bethlehem Babe.

H. K.

L. K.

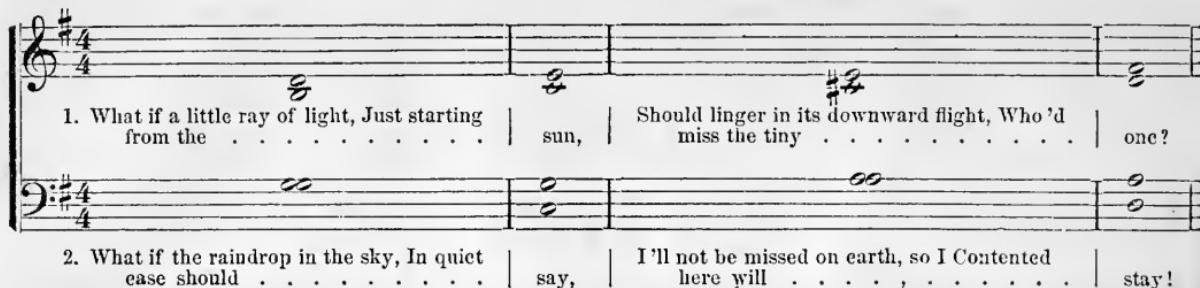
1. Sweet, sweet, sweet the swell, The swell of Sab - bath bell; But sweet - er still the  
 2. Cold, cold, cold the night; The night was star - ry bright, When shep-herds heard the

notes of praise, The notes of praise our voi - ces raise, When Je - sus' love we're tell - ing.  
 an - gel note, The an - gel note from heaven a - float, That told to earth the sto - ry.

3. Low, low, low the bed,  
The bed on which His head  
Among the beasts was pillow'd there—  
Was pillow'd there 'mid want and care,  
When God became incarnate!

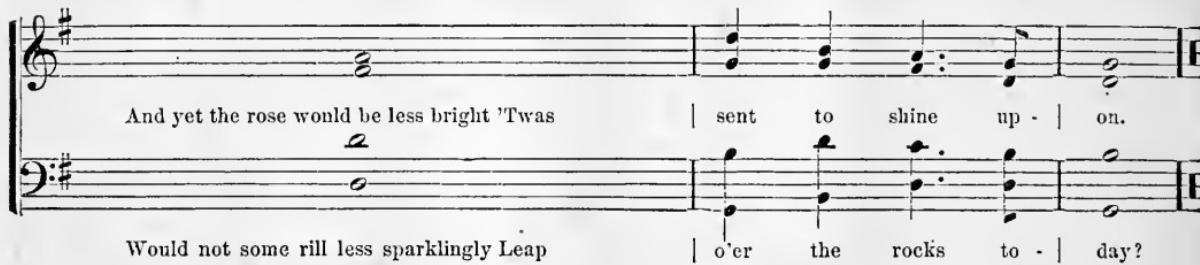
4. Love, love, love unknown!  
Unknown, to leave a throne,  
A fallen race from death to save,  
From death to save, and in the grave  
To lay his head so kingly.

5. Loud, loud, loud we'll raise,  
We'll raise our notes of praise!  
The Bethl'em babe in manger laid,  
In manger laid, to death betrayed,  
We'll sing, we'll sing for ever.



1. What if a little ray of light, Just starting from the sun, Should linger in its downward flight, Who'd miss the tiny one?

2. What if the raindrop in the sky, In quiet ease should say, I'll not be missed on earth, so I Contented here will stay!



And yet the rose would be less bright 'Twas sent to shine up - on.

Would not some rill less sparkingly Leap o'er the rocks to - day?

3. What if the acorn in the ground  
Refused its shell to burst,  
Where would the stately ship be found?  
Or if the humble dust  
Did not the living germ surround,  
What could the sailor trust?

4. I am a child; it will not do  
An idle life to lead,  
Because I'm small, with talents few;  
Of me the Lord has need—  
Some work or calling to pursue,  
Or do some humble deed.

5. I must be active every hour,  
And do my Maker's will:  
If but a ray can paint the flower,  
A raindrop swell the rill,  
I know in me there is a power  
Some useful place to fill.

51. 1. A LITTLE word in kindness said,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's sad,  
And made a friend sincere.

2. A word, a look has crushed to | earth |  
Full many a budding | flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would | bless life's darkest | hour.

3. Then deem it not an idle | thing |  
A pleasant word to | speak; |  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A | heart may heal or | break.

52. Lambs within the Fold.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests. The lyrics are written in a narrative style, alternating between two voices.

1. And is it true, as I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of God's be-lov-ed Son? That  
 2. And I, a lit-tle straying lamb, May come to Je-sus as I am, Tho' goodness I have none; May

Je-sus Christ, with ten-der care, Will in his arms most gen-tly bear The help-less lit-tle one?  
 now be fold-ed in his breast, As birds with-in the pa-rent nest, And be his lit-tle one.

3. And he can do all this for me,  
Because in sorrow on the tree  
He once for sinners hung;  
And having put their sins away,  
He now rejoices, day by day,  
To cleanse the little one.

4. Others there are who love me too.  
But who, with all their love, could do  
What Jesus Christ has done?  
Then if he teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to him, and say,  
"Lord, keep thy little one."

5. Then by this gracious Shepherd fed,  
And by his mercy gently led  
Where living waters run,  
My greatest pleasure will be this,  
That I'm a little lamb of his  
Who loves the little one.

## I'd rather be a Child of God.



1. I'd ra - ther be a child of God, Se - cure in Je - sus' peace - ful fold, Than sway a seep - tre,

2. But lit - tle gold may he pos - sess, Few earth - ly joys his spir - it thrill, The cup of grief his



## CHORUS.



wear a crown, Or own the rich - est mine of gold. A crown is his, a throne is His, A  
lips may press, But he's an heir of glo - ry still. A crown is his, a throne is His, etc.



king-dom on the shining shore; Yes, Je - sus, Lord of all, is his, And he is Christ's for ev - er - more.



3. A thousand snares may strew his path,  
And erne - foes around appal,  
Earth's vanities may try his faith,  
But he shall triumph over all.—CHORUS.

4. And when he comes to glory's gate—  
The tomb which Jesus sanctified,  
Bright angel forms shall on him wait,  
And through the portal safely guide.—CHORUS.

1. {Je - sus, be near me, Read - y to hear me, Com - fort and cheer me; In thee I live.  
Of - ten I grieve thee; Yet do not leave me, Kind - ly re - ceive me, Free - ly for - give.}

## CHORUS.

Pil - grim and stran - ger, Save me from dan - ger. Guide me and guard me, Shep - herd, I pray.

Pil - grim and strau - ger, Save me from dan - ger. Guide me and guard me, Shep - herd, I pray.

2. Tempters assail me;  
If thou should'st fail me,  
What could avail me,  
Who could uphold?  
But thou hast sought me,  
Found me, and bought me,  
And thou hast brought me  
Unto thy fold.—CHORUS.

3. Purest of pleasure,  
Richest of treasure,  
Peace without measure,  
Find I in thee.  
These I inherit  
By thy good Spirit:  
I have no merit;  
Thou art my plea.—CHORUS.

4. Into subjection  
Bring each affection,  
And thy protection  
Never withhold:  
Do not forsake me,  
Like thyself make me;  
Then, Saviour, take me  
Up to thy fold.—CHORUS.

## The Stranger.

1. A stranger here I roam, For this world is not my home, Tho' the goodness of my Father smiles a-round; My

home is up a - bove, In the world of perfect love, Where in snowy robes they walk the hallowed ground.

**CHORUS.**

Je - sus at-tends me, Ev - er be-friends me; His arm de-fends me When my heart is sick and sore: Then

2. The shining band on high,  
Though they've laid their armor by,  
Once contended for the never-fading crown;  
They knew what 'twas to fear,  
And to shed the bitter tear,  
Ere they left the field of battle for the throne.—Cho.

3. I'll strug-gle on awhile  
Through the night of tears and toil:  
Soon the sor-row and the darkness will take wing,  
And with the ransomed choir  
I will strike the golden lyre,  
While my happy home with melody shall ring.—Cho.

cheer - ful - ly I'll press Thro' the drea - ry wil - der - ness, Till I walk with him the ev - er - ver-dant shore.

## 56. The Return.

1. From the mountains drear and cold, Ten - der Shepherd, to thy fold, Poor and help-less, lo! I fly;  
 2. Oft I've heard thy ten - der call, Seen my fol - ly, felt my thrall; But by pleasure's voice be - guiled,

3. Now thy Spir-it's power I feel, Now the guil - ty past be - wail, And o'erwhelmed with dire a - larms,

Take me, Je-sus, ere I die; Where thy flock in peace a - bide, Be my guard - ian and my guide.  
 Still I've lived a wayward child, Closed the ear and barred the heart, Bid the lov - ing Friend de-part.

Now I turn from pleasure's charms, And by wondrous love con-trolled, Seek thy face and seek thy fold.

## Wondrous Grace.

Rev. A. A. CRALEY.

1. Oh, hap-py day, when grace di - vine My sin - ful heart re - newed, And washed its guilty stains a - way In  
 2. The tu - mult in my soul is gone, And peace sits reigning there; There's glory all around, within, There's

Je - sus' pre - cious blood, And washed its guil - ty stains a - way In Je - sus' pre - cious blood.  
 glo - ry ev - ery - where, There's glo - ry all a - round, with-in, There's glo - ry ev - ery - where.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, grace, wondrous grace! Children, sing with me The wondrous grace which Jesus bought With blood on Calva - ry.

3. I upward look; an angry God  
 No longer meets my eye;  
 I hide me 'neath the bleeding cross,  
 And "Abba, Father!" cry.—Cho.

4. When sinful pleasure lures my soul,  
 I gaze upon the cross;  
 The gaudy pageant fades away—  
 'T is vanity and dross.—Cho.

5. I struggle with my foes and fears  
 With a triumphant faith,  
 And grace will crown my dying hour  
 With victory over death.—Cho.

## Sweet Canaan of Rest.

58



1. Ere its full blessed-ness dawns on my sight, Ev - er will I, ev - er will I Press to the land of un-  
2. Trust in the pleasures of earth, if you will, Nev-er will I, nev-er will I; Mine be the joys which the



CHORUS.



fa - ding de-light, Sing, and press on till I die. Sweet Ca-naan of rest, Thou land of the blest, Thou  
spir-it can fill, Joys which no mor-tal can buy. Sweet Ca-naan of rest, Thou land of the blest, etc.



home of the happy and free; While I press on to thy full-ness of bliss, What is the earthly to me?



3. Though for the treasures of earth you may pine,  
Never will I, never will I;  
Mine be the riches of Jesus divine—  
Gold that no mine can supply.—CHORUS.

4. Though you may thirst for an earthly renown,  
Never will I, never will I;  
Mine be the birth to a throne and a crown,  
A kingdom and glory on high.—CHORUS.

## Shepherd, Kind and Tender.

A. A. C.



1. Dear Je - sus, my Shepherd, I would in thy fold a - bide, And would fol-low wher-so-e'er thy foot-steps  
 2. The tempt - er is near me, and would lure me from thy fold, And the sy - ren song of pleasure strikes my



lead; But guide me and guard me, lest I wan - der from thy side, And no long-er in thy verdant pastures  
 ear; Then, lest I should wander to the mountains drear and cold, Let the sunshine of thy presence cheer me



## CHORUS.



feed.      Shep - herd kind and tend - er,      be my strong de - fend - er  
 here.      Shep - herd kind and tend - er,      be my strong de - fend - er, etc.



3. I know thou wast tempted when a man of sorrows here,  
 But no evil could the tempter find in thee;  
 But often in secret flows the penitential tear,  
 And I struggle with the sin that dwells in me.—CHO.

4. I love thee, yet grieve thee; oh, forgive a sinful child  
 Who would praise thee in thy blessed fold above:  
 The tempter is mighty, and I'm helpless and defiled,  
 But all-mighty is thy everlasting love.—CHO.

In the hour of con-flict, and when storms of sor-row beat; Then in the green pastures where the  
 peace - ful wa - ters flow, I will bow me down and wor - ship at thy feet.

## 60. Loving Him who first Loved Me.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les-son to obey; Sweeter les-son can-not be, Loving Him who first loved me.

2. With a childlike heart of love,  
 At thy bidding may I move;  
 Prompt to serve and follow thee,  
 Loving Him who first loved me.

3. Teach me all thy steps to trace,  
 Strong to follow in thy grace;  
 Learning how to love from thee,  
 Loving Him who first loved me.

4. Thus may I rejoice to show  
 That I feel the love I owe;  
 Singing, till thy face I see,  
 Of His love who first loved me.

## We are Coming!

A. A. G.

1. Oh, hark to the call as it comes from the vineyard, And o - ver the deep from the dark pagan land : "Come  
2. How long shall the na - tions re - main in their darkness, And guilty and wretched go down to their graves ? Oh,

o - ver and help us" in sow - ing and reaping ; Oh, come, for there's work for the heart and the hand.  
gaze on the ru - in till zeal shall a - rouse you To send them the word which en - light - ens and saves.

## Response by the Children.

We are coming, coming, com-ing in our child - hood, We are com-ing, for we hear the ur - gent

3. And though the glad tidings of mercy have reached us,  
Around us are captives to Satan and sin;  
For wide is the field where the harvest is waving,  
And few are the reapers who gather it in.—CHORUS.

4. Then kindle your hearts with a holy ambition  
To build up the empire of mercy and truth;  
Let faith, love, and zeal, and a pure self-devotion,  
Adorn with their clusters the life of our youth.—CHO.

call; We are coming, coming, coming in our childhood, We are coming, for there's work enough for all.

## 62. The Way to Glory.

I. Is the way to glory dark? Do not fear, do not fear; Press toward the shining mark, Endless day draws near.  
 2. Are there any turning back? Do not stay, do not stay; Still pursue the shining track, Heed not what they say;

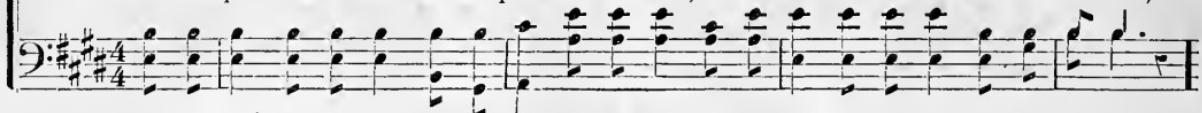
Is it full of dire alarms, And the world's bewitching charms? Je-sus ev-ery foe disarms, Mighty tho' they be.  
 Listen not when they allure, Struggle on and still endure, God will make his promise sure, He will faithful be.

3. Do the storms of sorrow come?  
 Do not mourn, do not mourn;  
 When you reach the heavenly home  
 Tears to joy shall turn.

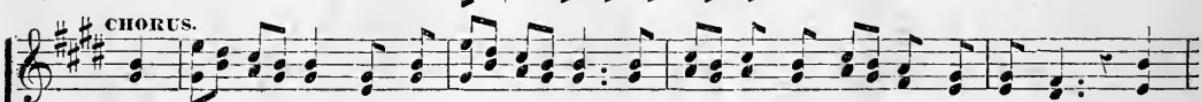
4. There no tears of sorrow flow,  
 There no bitter tempests blow;  
 Not a note of pain or woe  
 Mingles in the song.



1. I will walk in the road Which the ransomed have trod, I'll not wait till my head shall be hoar-y;  
 2. No true peace did I find In the path left be-hind, And I saw that the end would be sor-row;



While I'm young I will go In the way which I know Is the way to the mansions of glo-ry.  
 Though I sang and was gay, Yet the joys of to-day Fled a-way ere the dawn of the mor-row.



Then go with me, and our song shall be, We're bound to the mansions of glo-ry; Then



3. Now my Saviour I love,  
 And his faithfulness prove,  
 When by darkness and danger surrounded;  
 For he heeds my complaint,  
 He revives me when faint,  
 And restores me when fallen and wounded.—Cho.

4. I will carry the cross,  
 And endure every loss,  
 For the burden by bearing grows lighter;  
 And when daily I press  
 To the mansions of bliss,  
 Then my pathway grows brighter and brighter.—Cho.

go with me, and our song shall be, We're bound to the man-sions of glo-ry.

## 64. Friend of the Child.

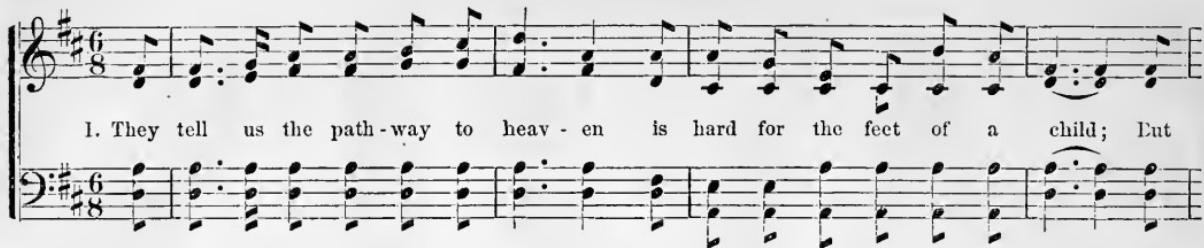
1. I have a Friend in my home above, Strong is his arm and his heart is love; Safely I dwell 'neath his watchful eye.

## CHORUS.

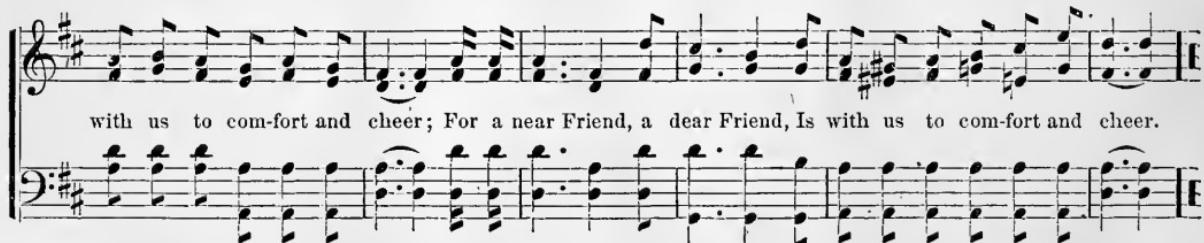
He will defend me when danger's nigh. Friend of the child, Loving and mild, Jesus my Saviour's the Friend of the child.

2. Often I wander from this dear Friend, 3. When in this valley of tears and woe  
 Often I grieve him, and oft offend: Streams of enjoyment no longer flow, Tho' its rough billows may foam and toss;  
 But when the teardrops of sorrow fall, Sore by the hand of affliction pressed, Round me the arm of my Friend shall be.  
 Fully and freely he pardons all.—Cho. Tranquil I lean on his tender breast. Bearing me over the stormy sea.—Cho.

## The Friend Near and Dear.



## CHORUS.



2. They tell us the desert is dreary,  
And foes lie in ambush to wound;  
But still we 'll press onward, tho' weary,  
And trials and dangers abound.—Cho.

3. They tell us that earth will afford us  
The joys that our spirits demand;  
But ours be the joys that reward us  
While seeking that heavenly land.

4. They tell us a stream is before us  
Whose waters are rapid and cold;  
But when its rough billows roll o'er us,  
The Saviour our steps will uphold.

# I'll not Forget to Pray.

66

1. If I should walk a flow-er-y path, And bright should be my day, With grate-ful heart I'll  
 'twine the wreath, But not for-get to pray: For there's a land di - vine - ly fair, Whose  
 flowers shall ne'er de - cay; I'll fix my warm af - fections there, And ne'er for - get to pray.

2. If tears of grief should dim the eye,  
 And joys no longer stay,  
 If foes should wound, if friends should fly,  
 I'll not forget to pray.  
 A steadfast Friend shall ease the smart,  
 And wipe my tears away;  
 I'll lean upon his loving heart,  
 And ne'er forget to pray.

3. Come joy or sorrow, sickness, health,  
 A bright or cloudy day,  
 Come painful want or teeming wealth,  
 I'll not forget to pray.  
 Thus through my few but chequered days  
 Before the throne I'll stay,  
 And only in the land of praise  
 Will I forget to pray..

67

## I'll Wander no More.



1. I'll wan - der no more, but re - turn to the fold Of Je - sus my Shep - herd so ten - der; The  
2. How long did I stray on the moun-tains so drear, By dan - ger and dark - ness sur-round-ed; I



heart that has long been un - grate - ful and cold, To Je - sus my Lord I sur - ren - der.  
sought by my fol - ly to raise and to cheer A spir - it de - ject - ed and wound-ed.



## CHORUS.



Wan - der no more, I will wan - der no more; Sin has de - ceived and un - done me:



3. Oh, fruitless endeavor! the joys of to-day  
Are turned into ashes to-morrow;  
And those who allured me turned coldly away,  
And left me to weep in my sorrow.—CHORUS.

4. But now in the pastures of Jesus I feed,  
And drink of the life-giving river;  
No storm shall appal me, no tempter invade,  
For Christ is my Shepherd for ever.—CHORUS.

# I'll Wander no More.—CONCLUDED.

68



Wan - der no more, I will wan - der no more; Je - sus has sought me and won me.

## 68. Stockwell.

D. E. JONES.



1. Je - sus on - ly! when the morn - ing Beams up - on the path I tread;



Je - sus on - ly! when the dark - ness Gath - ers round my weary head.



2. Jesus only, when the billows  
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;  
Jesus only, when the trumpet  
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3. Jesus only, when in judgment  
Boding fears my heart appal;  
Jesus only, when the wretched  
On the rocks and mountains call.

4. Jesus only, when, adoring,  
Saints their crowns before him bring;  
Jesus only! I will joyous  
Through eternal ages sing.

## Jesus my Saviour is There.



glo - ry, And why do I long to be there? But what is its grand-eur and glo - ry, And  
tune - less, If Je - sus I ne'er should be - hold; I know that my harp would be tune - less If



## CHORUS.

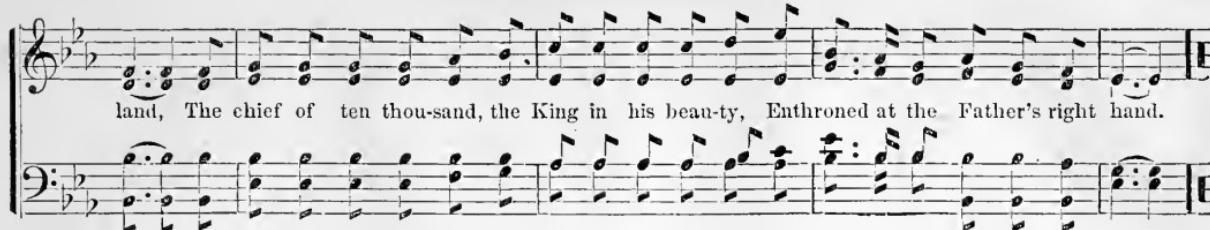


why do I long to be there? Oh Je - sus my Sav-iour is there, The light of that beau-ti - ful  
Je - sus I ne'er should be-hold. Oh Je - sus my Sav-iour is there, The light of that beau-tiful, etc.



3. I love him, but often he leaves me  
While here on this wilderness shore;  
But when to his fold he receives me,  
His absence I'll never deplore.—CHORUS.

4. No longer by faith shall I view him,  
Unveiled all his glories will shine;  
I'll fall at his feet and adore him,  
My Jesus, my Saviour divine.—CHORUS.



## 70. Savannah.

PLEVEL.

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, treble clef, and G major. The piano part is in common time, bass clef, and G major. The lyrics describe a day of holy rest filled with heavenly peace and transport.

1. Hail, hap - py day! thou day of ho - ly rest! What heaven-ly peace and trans-port fill my  
breast When Christ, the God of graee, in love de-scends, And kind - ly holds commu-nion with his friends.

2. Let earth and all its vanities be gone,  
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;  
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,  
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3. Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,  
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes;  
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,  
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

## On to the Fight!

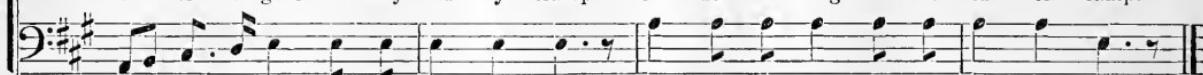
Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



1. Come join the con - flict of right and wrong; Fall in the ranks ere we march a - long,  
 2. Yield - ing no long - er to Sa - tan's thrall, Gath - er the youth at the trum - pet call;  
 3. Hail, hap - py day, for our eyes be - hold Glo - ries un - seen by the saints of old.



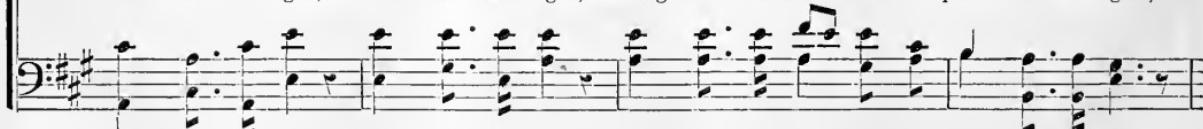
- Come with the ar - dor of bloom-ing youth, Build up the em - pire of love and truth.  
 Nev - er a - gain shall they mad - ly tramp Un - der the flag of the reb - el camp.



- Chil - dren by thou-sands to Je - sus go, March to the con - flict and brave the foe.



- On to the fight, stand for the right, Strong in the Lord and the power of his might;



4. "Stand by the cross!" is their battle cry ;  
 Legions of darkness before them fly ;  
 Soon shall the triumph of right be sung,  
 When the great Captain leads on the young.—Cho.

5. Brighter and purer the world shall be,  
 Jesus shall reign over land and sea ;  
 Gather, then, youth, for the holy fray ;  
 Fall in the ranks, for we march to-day.—Cho.

# On to the Fight!—CONCLUDED.

72

On to the fight, stand for the right, Strong in the Lord and the power of his might.

## 72. Reapers, Reapers, Haste!

H. K.

1. Reapers, reapers, haste, Your Master's voice is calling; Reapers, reapers, haste, The golden grain is fall-ing,
2. Fields al-read-y white, Re-joicing now with gladness, Shine with summer light: Oh, reapers, banish sadness.

**CHORUS.**

Work, work while it is light, And wait not for the morrow; Work, work before the night Bring sin and shame and sorrow.

3. Haste! no more delay

The weakest grain to cherish;  
Hear your Master say  
He wills not one should perish,

4. Bought with Jesus' blood,

The weakest is a treasure  
Made by God for good,  
For glory without measure.

5. Up, then! let us reap,

Tho' darkest clouds may lower;  
Faint not, He will keep  
Us safe 'mid storm and shower.

73

73 From an old Latin Hymn. "I am the Light of the World." John 8:12. Arranged by J. T. DURYEA, D. D.

1. O Je - sus, light of all be - low. Thou Fount of life and fire, Sur - pass - ing all the  
 2. May ev - ery heart con-fess thy name, And ev - er thee a - dore; And seek - ing thee, it-

joys we know, All that we can de - sire; When once thou vis - it - est the heart, Then  
 self in - flame To seek thee more and more. Thee may our tongues for ev - er bless, Thee

truth be-gins to shine, Then earth-ly van - i - ties de-part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.  
 may we love a - lone, And ev - er in our lives express The im - age of thine own.

1. When shall the shout a - rise, Har-vest home ! har - vest home ! When shall the work have ceased,  
 2. Would you in tri - umph sing, Har-vest home ! har - vest home ! Thrust then the sic - kle bright

When shall the wea - ry rest, When shall we reach the skies, Shout - ing, Har - vest home !  
 In - - to the fields so white, And then we soon shall be Shout - ing, Har - vest home !

## CHORUS.

Har - vest home ! har - vest home ! Glad - ly the reapers come, Shout-ing, Har-vest home !

Har-vest home !

Har-vest home !

3. 'T will be a joyous song,  
 Harvest home ! harvest home !  
 Join then the reaping train,  
 Bind up the golden grain,  
 Come with your sheaves along,  
 Shouting, Harvest home !

4. Ere long we all shall sing,  
 Harvest home ! harvest home !  
 They who with tears have sown,  
 With joy shall hasten home,  
 And make the meadows ring,  
 Shouting, Harvest home !

5. Then shall the shout arise,  
 Harvest home ! harvest home !  
 Then shall the work have ceased,  
 Then shall the weary rest;  
 Oh, we shall mount the skies,  
 Shouting, Harvest home !

## Sound the Battle Cry!

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See, the foe is nigh! Raise the stand - ard high For the Lord;  
 2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause, we know, Must pre - vail;

3. Oh, thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us, one and all, By thy grace:

Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm, ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.  
 Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam - ing in the light, Bat - tling for the right We ne'er can fail.

When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - try won, May we wear the crown Be - fore thy face.

## CHORUS.

Rouse, then, sol - diers! ral - ly round the ban - ner! Read - y, stead - y! pass the word a - long.

# Sound the Battle Cry!—CONCLUDED.

76

On - ward! for - ward! shout a - loud, Ho - san - nah! Christ is Cap - tain of the migh - ty throng.

## 76. March On!

H. K.

1. March on! march on! nor ev - - er tire To bat - tle for the right,  
 2. March on! march on! right man - ful - ly; The church now looks to thee,  
 Young sol - diers of the ho - ly cross, Be - neath its sa - cred light.  
 Young 'list - ed sol - dier of the cross, Her fu - ture strength to be.

3. March on! march on! against the world, 4. March on! march on! and bear to all  
 The flesh, and every sin, Good news from God above;  
 The lion roaring for his prey, Fling out your banner to the breeze—  
 The secret foe within. Upon it, "God is love!"
5. March on! march on! your Captain's Through him be vict'ry won. [near,  
 March on! until you each shall hear His welcome words, "Well done!"

## Christ's Soldiers.



1. We're sol-diers, and we're marching on To our Im-ma-nuel's land; With mu-sic we will pass a-  
2. We've foes to fight, we've fields to win, We've crowns of life to gain; Then strike and con-quer ev-ery



## CHORUS.



long, A hap-py, faith-ful band. "Glo-ry!" we sing to Christ our King, While  
sin, The vic-to-ry at-tain. "Glo-ry!" we sing to Christ our King, etc.,



we his tem-ples throng; Let "Glo-ry in the high-est!" be Our ev-er-last-ing song.



3. We'll take the helmet, sword and shield;  
Begin with truth and love,  
We'll fight, nor ever quit the field  
Till called to rest above.—Cho.

4. Salvation shall our helmet be,  
Our breastplate, love and faith;  
Clad in this glorious panoply,  
We'll all fight on till death.—Cho.

5. Then, when the viet'ry we attain,  
We'll lay our laurels down  
Before the Lamb that once was slain  
To win for us a crown.—Cho.

## Courage!

78

1. Courage, fel - low-pil-grim, Tho' the path be rough; Je - sus is the Lead-er; Is not that e - nough?

Tho' the way be thorn - y, Des - o - late and drear, Je - sus will up - hold thee, He is ev - er near.

**CHORUS.**

"The Lord thy God is with thee Whereso-e'er thou goest;" The Lord thy God is with thee for ev - er-more.

2. Courage, fellow-trav'ler  
Over life's rough sea,  
Jesus in the vessel  
Pilot true will be.  
He will bid the billows  
Sink into a calm;  
He will in the haven  
Shelter thee from harm.—Cho.

3. Courage, fellow-Christian!  
Though the furnace glow  
Seven-fold in fury,  
Christ is with thee now.  
He himself is walking  
With thee in the flame;  
E'en the smell of scorching  
Shall not touch thy frame.—Cho.

4. Courage, fellow-Christian!  
Whatsoe'er thy lot,  
God the Lord has promised  
To forsake thee not;  
Sooner shall the heavens  
Pass in smoke away,  
Than the soul shall perish  
Who makes God his stay.—Cho.

1. { All night long, till break of day,  
Till the An - gel on his way,  
Ja - cob wept his bit - ter prayer,  
Christ the Angel blessed him there. } I am a poor sin - ner,

too, Torn with anguish, guilt and fears ; I to Je - sus too, will go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

2. I it was who pierced thy side,  
I who drove the cruel nail;  
I who caused the purple tide,  
Groans and tears and dying wail.  
Lord, I will not let thee go;  
Saviour, listen to my grief;  
Jesus, I 'm a child of woe:  
Come, oh come to my relief.

3. Jesus, at thy cross I lie  
All night long till break of day;  
Perish here, if I must die—  
Unforgiven go not away.  
Saviour, wilt thou take my heart?  
It is all I have to give.  
Sin-defiled in every part,  
Such a gift wilt thou receive ?

4. Oh how kindly Jesus spake :  
" Go in peace—all is forgiven;  
Wilt thou all for me forsake,  
Love, and follow me to heaven?"  
Jesus, I thy goodness bless,  
And with wondering love adore;  
Let me never love thee less,  
Let me love thee more and more.

## 80. What can I Give to Jesus?

H. K.

1. What can I give to Jesus, Who "gave himself for me?" How can I show my love to him Who died on Cal - va - ry?

2. I'll give my heart to Jesus,  
In childhood's tender spring;  
I know that he will not despise  
So mean an offering.
3. I'll give my soul to Jesus,  
And calmly, gladly rest  
Its youthful hopes and fond desires  
Upon his loving breast.

4. I'll give my mind to Jesus,  
And seek, in thoughtful hours,  
His Spirit's grace to consecrate  
Its early opening powers.
5. I'll give my strength to Jesus  
Of foot and head and will;  
Run where he sends, and ever strive  
His pleasure to fulfil.
6. I'll give my time to Jesus:  
Oh that each hour might be  
Filled up with holy work for him  
Who spent his life for me.
7. I'll give my all to Jesus:  
'Tis little I possess;  
But all I am, and all I have,  
Dear Lord, accept and bless.

## S1. Wake, Brethren, Wake!

H. K.

1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry, Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus our Lord is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night, Ye are children of the light, Yours is the glory bright; Wake, brethren, wake!

2. Heed we the steward's call,  
Work, brethren, work!  
There's room enough for all.  
Work, brethren, work!  
This vineyard of the Lord  
Constant labor doth afford,  
Yours is a sure reward;  
Work, brethren, work!

3. Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Would ye his heart rejoice?  
Pray, brethren, pray!  
Sin calls for constant fear,  
Weakness needs the Strong One near;  
Long as ye struggle here,  
Pray, brethren, pray!

4. Now sound the final chord,  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
Thrice holy is our Lord,  
Praise, brethren, praise!  
What more befits the tongues  
Soon to lead the angels' songs,  
While heaven the note prolongs,  
Praise, brethren, praise!

## Young Pilgrims' Song.

1. We are go-ing, go-ing, go-ing To a land where all is light, Where are flow-ing, flow-ing,  
flow-ing Liv-ing wa-ters, pure and bright: Here we learn Re-demp-tion's sto-ry, Here we  
seek our Saviour's grace; There we shall be-hold his glo-ry, Wor-ship-ping be-fore his face.

2. We are singing, singing, singing,  
As we joyful pass along;  
Hear the ringing, ringing, ringing  
Of our glad, triumphant song:  
Happiness our hearts is swelling  
As we ever upward tend,  
And we cannot cease from telling  
Of our precious heavenly Friend.

3. We are praying, praying, praying  
For the sinners all around,  
Who are straying, straying, straying  
In a misery profound:  
We are longing to behold them  
Tread with us the heavenly road;  
In our arms we would enfold them  
As we journey home to God.

4. Thus while years are fleeting, fleeting,  
Pass we on with prayer and song,  
Hasten to the meeting, meeting  
Of the blood-washed, ransomed throng.  
Jesus, Saviour, leave us never,  
Help us faithful still to prove,  
Till at home with thee for ever  
In the land of light and love.

# Work, for the Night is Coming.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours; Work while the dew is  
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with



3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their red tints are



spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er,  
la - - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute,



glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies. Work till the last beam fa - deth,



Work in the glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
Some - thing to keep in store: Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.



Fa - deth, to shine no more; Work while the night is dark - ning, When man's work is o'er.

## The Happy Hour.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



1. Oh, there is an hour, when with ten - der e - mo - tion, I com mune with my Sav - ionr in prayer. And



low at his feet yield the heart's pure de - vo - tion; And 'tis sweet, oh, 'tis sweet to 'be there.



## CHORUS.



Hap - py, hap - py hour, Hap - py, hap - py hour, When the wea - ry soul spreads her wing: Oh,



2. When grief wounds the heart, and when tears of contrition  
Freely flow, to the throne I repair;

And balm from the hand of the tender Physician  
Is applied when I seek it by prayer.—CHORUS.

3. At times, when the pathway of duty looks dreary,  
And I shrink from the cross I would bear,  
I cry to the Friend who refreshes the weary,  
And am strengthened in answer to prayer.—CHORUS.

4. When foes gather round, and in hatred assail me,  
And I seem on the brink of despair,

I seek for a weapon which never shall fail me,  
And I find that the weapon is prayer.—CHORUS.

5. When thrilling with joy, or when moaning in anguish,  
I will still to my Saviour repair;  
And when in the hour of departure I languish,  
I will spend my last moments in prayer.—CHORUS.

what are earth's joys to the joy of com - mu - ning At the feet of my Sav - iour and King?

## 85. Speak a Word for Jesus.

1. Children, 'tis a little thing, Speak a word for Je - sus; If no richer gift you bring, Speak a word for Je - sus.
2. When his image man assails, Speak a word for Je - sus; He the shame and anguish feels, Speak a word for Jesus.

## CHORUS.

Gentle words, loving words, How they melt and please us; Oh, there's wondrous power in words, Speak a word for Jesus.

3. When you hear his name profaned,  
    Speak a word for Jesus;  
By his wondrous love constrained,  
    Speak a word for Jesus.—Cho.

4. If his cause should bleeding lie,  
    Speak a word for Jesus;  
Do not silent pass it by,  
    Speak a word for Jesus.—Cho.

5. Oh, then, never be ashamed,  
    Speak a word for Jesus;  
Let your tongue by love inflamed  
    Speak a word for Jesus.—Cho.

## Remember Me.

H. K.

1. Oh, won - drous sto - ry of the Lord! It thrills our hearts with love, That Je - sus came to

## CHORUS.

res - cue man, And left his throne a - bove. Help me, dear Sav - iour, thee to own, And

ev - er faith - ful be; And when thou sit - test on thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2. In human form he deigned to dwell,  
To raise our fallen race,  
And shed about a manger rude  
The brightness of his grace.—Cho.

3. The angels sang, and men rejoiced  
In hope of endless bliss,  
And hailed the star of Bethlehem,  
The pledge of love and peace.—Cho.

4. It shines to-day to guide us on  
Through earthly storms to Him,  
The pole-star for the sinner's bark,  
Whose light is never dim.—Cho.

## Heralds of the Mighty Gospel.

1. Her - alds of the migh - ty gos - pel, Sent a - broad in Je - sus' name, Will the hea - then hear the  
 sto - ry Of the cross that you proclaim? Oh, will they hear it? Oh, will they heed it? Will they  
 hear, will they hear Of a Sav - iour slain? Will they hear, will they hear Of a Sav - iour slain?

2. Children, yes, the light of morning  
 In the east begins to break,  
 And the night of sin and darkness  
 Its eternal flight shall take.  
 Soon shall the nations,  
 Far distant nations,  
 To the sound of the trump  
 Of the gospel wake.

3. Heralds, can a band of children  
 Aid to spread the gospel truth?  
 Can we speak across the waters  
 To those poor, benighted youth?  
 Oh, can we tell them,  
 Tearfully pleading,  
 Can we tell of the Way,  
 Of the Life and Truth?

4. Children, yes, by self-denial,  
 By your off'rings and your prayers,  
 Help to lead those souls to heaven,  
 That at last, united there,  
 All tribes and nations,  
 Parents and children,  
 Round the throne of our God  
 And the Lamb appear.

1. Hark! the sound of an - gel voi - ces O - ver Bethlehem's star - lit plain; Hark! the heavenly host re-  
joi - ces, Je - sus comes on earth to reign. Sec ce - les - tial ra - diance beam - ing, Light-ing  
up the mid - night sky; 'Tis the prom-ised day - star gleam-ing, 'Tis the day-spring from on high.

2. Westward, all along the ages,  
Trace its pathway clear and bright;  
Star of hope to Eastern sages,  
Radiant now with gospel light.  
Angels from the realms of glory,  
Peace on earth delight to sing;  
Christian, tell the wondrous story,  
Go proclaim the Saviour King.

3. Where the woodman's axe is ringing,  
Where the hunter roams alone,  
Where the prairie flowers are springing,  
Make the great Redeemer known.  
While from California's mountains  
Pure and sweet the anthem swells,  
Oregon's dark wilds and fountains  
Hail the sound of Sabbath bells.

4. Like an arméd host with banners,  
Terrible in war array,  
Zion comes with glad hosannas  
To prepare her Monarch's way.  
Unto him all power is given,  
All the world his sway shall own,  
And on earth, as now in heaven,  
Shall his will be done alone.

# "Here am I; Send Me."

89

1. Hark! the voice of Je-sus cry-ing, Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, and har-vests  
wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-  
wards he of-fers free; Who will an-swer glad-ly, say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me?"

2. If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door.  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite,  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in his sight.

3. If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say he died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

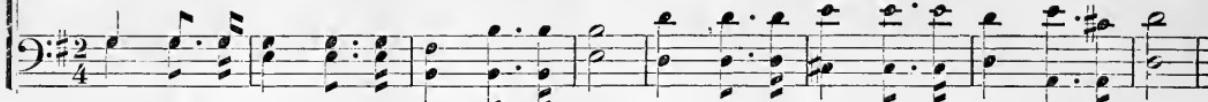
4. Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task he gives you gladly,  
Let his work your pleasure be,  
Answer quickly when he calleth,  
"Here am I; send me, send me."

## The Good Fight of Faith.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.



1. Strong in the Lord and the power of his might, Gird on your ar - mor and on to the fight;  
 2. This be your com - fort, and this be your boast, Nev - er a sol - dier of Je - sus was lost:



- Few though you be, you've Je - sus to aid; Wield then with cour - age the bat - tle blade.  
 Struck by the foc, and wea - ry his arm, Je - sus is near with his heal - ing balm.



- March, sol - diers, march! hear your Cap - tain call; Strike, sol - diers, strike, and the foe shall fall!



3. Watch, soldier, watch! to your Captain be true,  
 Ready to suffer, and ready to do;  
 Sheathe not the sword, for foemen abound;  
 Think not of rest on the battle-ground.—CHORUS.

90

4. Sharp is the conflict, but soon 'twill be o'er,  
 Soon to a mansion of light you shall soar;  
 There shall you reign, and there shall you sing,  
 Peaceful at last with your Saviour King.—CHORUS.

Shout, sol-diers, shout! and the rest shall flee, And yours shall be the vic - to - - ry!

## 91. The Guardian and Guide.

1. Je - sus, Shepherd, ere the young Min - gles in life's careless throng, Ere their err - ing foot-steps stray,

Lead them in the nar - row way; Ere the earth - ly wins the heart, Bless them with the bet - ter part.

2. Pleasure lures with sunny face,  
Woos them to her foul embrace;  
Giddy folly, painted vice,  
Pass before them and entice,  
And the human heart ensnare  
By the false disguise they wear.

3. Who can tear the veil away,  
And the hidden woe display?  
Human love may pray and weep,  
But thou, Shepherd of the sheep,  
Canst alone dissolve the charm,  
And the winning guile disarm.

4. Never sleeps thy watchful eye,  
Guide them when the tempter's nigh;  
Never tires thy mighty arm,  
Guard them from the angry storm;  
And when all their days are told,  
Bear them to the heavenly fold.

## Yes, for Me, for Me he Careth.

HEROLD.



1. Yes, for me, for me he car - eth, With a broth - er's ten - der care; Yes, with me, with  
2. Yes, for me he stand - eth plead - ing At the mer - cy - seat a - bove; Ev - er for me



3. Yes, in me, in me he dwell - eth; I in him, and he in me! And my emp - ty



me he shar - eth Ev - ery bur - den, ev - ery fear. Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth  
in - ter-ce - ding, Con-stant in un - ti-ring love. Yes, in me a - broad he shed-deth Joy, un-earth - ly



soul he fill - eth, Here and thro' e - ter - ni - ty. Thus I wait for his re-turn - ing, Sing - ing all the



night and day; Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatch - eth From the per - ilous of the way.  
love and light; And to cov - er me he spread - eth His pa - ter - nal wing of might.



way to heaven; Such the joy - ful song of morn - ing, Such the tran - quil song of even.

1. Are we sowing seeds of kindness? They shall blossom bright ere long. Are we sowing seeds of discord? They shall  
 ri - pen in - to wrong. Are we sowing seeds of honor? They shall bring forth golden grain. Are we sowing seeds of  
 falsehood? We shall yet reap bit-ter pain. Whatso-e'er our sow-ing be, Reaping, we its fruit must see.

CODA. *Slower.*

2. We can never be too careful  
 What the seed our hands shall sow ;  
 Love from love is sure to ripen,  
 Hate from hate is sure to grow.

Seeds of good or ill we scatter  
 Heedlessly along our way ;  
 But a glad or grievous fruitage  
 Waits us at the harvest day.

CODA.

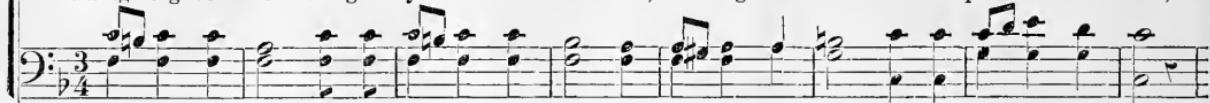
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,  
 Reaping, we its fruit must see.

## Singing for Jesus.

H. KINGSBURY.



1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and work-ing for Je - sus, Try - ing to serve him wher-ev - er I go;  
 2. Sing - ing for Je - sus glad hymns of de - vo - tion, Lift - ing the soul on her pin - ions of love;



3. Sing - iug for Je - sus, my bless - ed Re - deem - er, God of .the pil - grims, for thee I will sing;



Point - ing the lost to the way of sal - va - tion, This be my mis - sion, a pil - grim be - low.  
 Drop - ping a word or a thought by the way - side, Tell - ing of rest in the mans - ions a - bove.



When o'er the bil - lows of time I am waft - ed, Still with thy praise shall e - ter - ni - ty ring.



When in the strains of my country I min - gle, When to ex - alt her my voice I would raise,  
 Mu - sic may soft - en where language would fail us, Feel - ings long bur - ied will oft - en re - store,



Glo - ry to God for the pros -pect be - fore me, Soon shall my spir - it transport - ed as - cend;

'Tis for his glo - ry whose arm is her ref - uge; Him would I hon - or, his name would I praise.  
 Tones that were breathed from the lips of de - part - ed, How we re - vere them when they are no more.

Sing - ing for Je - sus—oh bless - ed em - ploy-ment—Loud hal - le - lu - jahs that nev - er will end.

Words by H. BOXAR, D. D.

## 95. Sweet Sabbath-day.

ASAHEL ABBOTT.

1. For thee we long and pray, Oh blessed Sabbath morn, And all the week we say, When wilt thou re - turn?

Come, then, oh, come a-way, Thou day of gladsome rest, Of all the week the best, Sweet Sabbath day.

2. Thou tellest us how Christ  
 Arose and left the tomb,  
 And all the week we say,  
 When will Sabbath come?—Come, etc.

3. Thou tellest us how we,  
 Like him, shall leave the tomb,  
 And all the week we say,  
 When will Sabbath come? etc.

4. Thou tellest of a rest,  
 A peaceful, happy home,  
 Where all the saints are blest.  
 When will Sabbath come? etc.

## Angels' Song.

H. K.



1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing  
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled; And still their heavenly



3. Be - hold, the days are hast - ning on, By proph - et bards fore - told, When with the ev - er-



near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious  
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world: A - bove its sad and lowly plains They bend on heavenly



circling years Comes round the age of gold, When Peace shall o-ver all the earth Its an- cient splendors



King;" The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.  
wing, And ev - er o'er its Babel sounds The bless-ed an-gels sing, The blessed an - gels sing.



fling; And the whole world send back the song Which now the angels sing, Which now the an - gels sing.

## My Saviour's Voice.

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin-sick soul re-joice; The  
same was heard in Sa-lem's street, And in the mountain's cool re-treat, My Sav-iour's voice.

Sweet - er than chiming bells, Soft - er than evening rills, The voice that tells of pardon, peace and heaven.

Sweeter, sweeter than chiming bells, Soft-er, soft-er than evening rills.

2. When weary with my load of guilt,  
I'll not forget that "Christ is all;"  
For me his precious blood was spilt;  
He sweetly says, "Come, if thou wilt."  
How glad the call!—CHORUS.

3. My soul is troubled like the sea,  
The surging billows roll around;  
But he who calmed far Galilee,  
Doth kindly say, "Peace be to thee."  
How blest the sound!—CHORUS.

4. I have my dark and cloudy days,  
I oft am like a frightened bird;  
But Jesus points to heaven, and says,  
"I'll fill thy mouth with endless praise."  
How sweet the word!—CHORUS.

## Sabbath Bells.

T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

1. Ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, The cheer - ful Sab - bath bells; Ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, The  
cheer - ful Sab - bath bells. We lin - ger a mo - ment their call to hear, Then haste a - way to our  
school so dear, O - ver the greenwood joy - ous and free, Sing - ing with glad - ness, Happy are we.

2. :|| Ringing, sweetly ringing,  
Their silver chimes we love; ||:  
A mission of peace to the heart they bear,  
A welcome call to the house of prayer,  
Telling of rapture, telling of rest,  
Mansions of glory, tranquil and blest.—Cho.

98

3. :|| Ringing, sweetly ringing,  
Those cheerful Sabbath bells; ||:  
Oh, let us be grateful to God above,  
Who crowneth our days with the light of love:  
Blessed Redeemer, ever to thee  
Praise from thy children offered shall be.—Cho.

## Sabbath Bells.—CONCLUDED.

99, 100

**CHORUS.**

While o - ver the dis -tant hill Their mu - sic is float - ing still, Hear the ech - o,  
 ech - o, ech - o, sweet Sabbath bells, Hear the ech - o, ech - o, ech - o, sweet Sabbath bells.

## 99. Christ Welcomed.

FINE.

Welcome, welcome, dear Redem - er, Welcome to this heart of mine, {Lord, I make a full sur-rend-er, } D. C.  
 {Ev - ery power and tho't be } thine:

D. C. Thine for ev - er, thine for ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges thine.

**100.** GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us  
 Through this lowly vale of tears,  
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
 :|| Oh, refresh us, ||:  
 Oh, refresh us with thy grace.

2. Though ten thousand ills beset us,  
 From without and from within,  
 Jesus says he 'll ne'er forget us,  
 But will save from every sin.  
 :|| Therefore praise him— ||:  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3. Oh that I could now adore him,  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who for ever bow before him,  
 And unceasing sing his love.  
 :|| Happy songsters, ||:  
 When shall I your chorus join?

1. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes: Who is it in yon man - ger lies? Who is this child so  
 young and fair? The bless - ed Christ-child li - eth there. Wel-come to earth, thou sa - cred Guest, Thro'  
 whom e'en wicked men are blest. Thou com'st to share our mise - ry; What can we ren-der, Lord, to thee?

2. O Lord, who hast created all,  
 How hast thou made thee weak and small,  
 That thou must choose thy infant bed  
 Where ox and ass but lately fed?  
 Were earth a thousand times more fair,  
 Beset with gold and jewels rare,  
 Yet she were far too poor to be  
 A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

3. Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain  
 The truth for us poor souls and vain,  
 That this world's honor, wealth, and might,  
 Are naught and worthless in thy sight.  
 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy child,

4. My heart for very joy doth leap,  
 My lips no more can silence keep;  
 I too must sing with joyful tongue  
 That sweetest ancient cradle song:  
 "To God be praise in highest heaven,  
 Who unto men his Son has given;"  
 While angels sing with pious mirth,  
 "Good will and peace to all the earth."

## Silent Night.

1. Si - lent night, hal - lowed night, Calm and deep, si - lent sleep!

Soft - ly glit - ters bright Beth - le - hem's star, Beck - 'ning Is - ra - el's eye from a - far,

Where the Sav - iour is born. Where the Sav - iour is born.

2. Silent night, hallowed night!  
On the plain wake the strain  
Sung by heavenly harbingers bright,  
Fraught with tidings of heavenly light,  
Jesus the Saviour has come!  
Jesus the Saviour has come!

3. Silent night, hallowed night!  
Earth awake, silence break!  
High your anthems of melody raise,  
Sing to heaven in cordial praise,  
Peace for ever shall reign!  
Peace for ever shall reign!

## Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices?

W. F. SHERWIN, by permission.  
From "Songs for Christmas-time."

DUETT.

The music consists of two measures of notes followed by a repeat sign and another two measures."/&gt;

The music consists of two measures of notes followed by a repeat sign and another two measures."/&gt;

QUARTETTE.

# Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices?—CONCLUDED.

“Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!”  
Till in heaven we sing be - fore him, “Glo - ry be to God on high!”

**CHORUS. Girls.**  
“Glo - - ry in the high-est, glo - - ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!”

**Quartette.**  
Hear them tell the won-drous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,

**Tutti.**  
“Glo - ry in the high - est, glo .. ry! Glo - ry be to God, to God on high!”

## Christmas Carol.

H. KINGSBURY.

SOLO.

TUTTI.

1. { Wel - come the light of the glad Christ-mas morn! Je - sus is come! Je - sus is come! }  
 { Shout, shout the ti - dings, A Sav - iour is born! Je - sus the Sav - iour, Je - sus is come! }

SOLI.

See on the moun-tain the light of the Star; Beth - le-hem's glo - ry is shi - ning a - far;

Dark - ness is pass - ing; the world to re - lease, Je - sus is com - ing, the great Prince of Peace:

See Chro.

2. Bring we our jewels and lay at his feet—  
 Jesus our King, Jesus our King!  
 Mighty and gracious, his praises repeat,  
 Jesus our Saviour, Jesus our King.  
 Bring we to Jesus the jewels of love,  
 Incense of prayers that are wafted above;  
 Hoping and trusting, our hearts we will bring,  
 Jesus will welcome us, Jesus our King!—CHORUS.

3. Twine we the altar with myrtle and pine,  
 Jesus, for thee! Jesus, for thee!  
 Brightness and glory and beauty are thine;  
 Jesus, we yield them gladly to thee!  
 Bright holly berries we twine with the bay;  
 Naught is too fair on the glad Christmas Day;  
 “Glorious,” with laurel, “the place of his feet.”  
 Sing we of Jesus, his praises repeat. J. O. Y.

**CHORUS.**

Swell we the song of the an - gels a - gain, Je - sus is come! Je - sus is come!

"Peace on the earth and good will un - to men," Je - sus the Sav - iour, the Sav - iour is come!

## 105. God the Father.

1. From that far-off heav-en Where the an-gels bide, God looks down, so lov-ing, On each lit - tle child;

2. Hears his prayer at morning, Blesses him at night, Keeps him every moment, Father-like, in sight;

3 Gives him, open-handed, Clothing, food, and friends, And in pain and trouble Tenderly defends;

4. Says to all dear children They've a Friend above, One who ne'er forgetteth Those who seek his love.



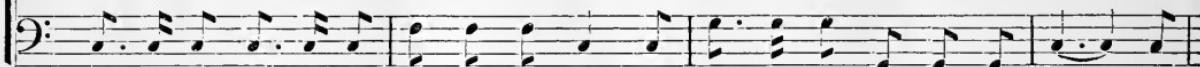
1. How sweet was the song of the an-gels of light, As, bend-ing o'er Beth-le-hem's plain, They  
2. They sang of the break of re-dem-ption's glad morn, The ho-ly had longed to be-hold; They



3. Then "Glo-ry to God in the high-est!" I'll sing, For I am a sin-ner on earth; I'll



struck their bright harps, and the si-lence of night A-woke at the hea-ven-ly strain; While  
sang of a Sav-iour in Beth-le-hem born, So long by the proph-ets fore-told: They



wel-come the ti-dings of mer-ey that bring The news of Im-man-u-el's birth; I'll



mild-ly a-round shone glo-ry di-vine, And bathed in ef-ful-gence so bright The  
sang of good-will from God un-to men, Of peace to a val-ley of tears; They



go to his cross a sin-ner de-filed, And wash in the foun-tain of blood; I'll

moun - tain, the val - ley, the sea, and the plain Once robed in the man - tle of night.  
 sang of sal - va - tion from death and from sin, A balm for our sor - rows and fears.  
 pray for the grace that can strengthen a child, And bring him at last to his God.

## 107. "Even Me."

W. B. BRADBURY, from "Golden Shower,"  
 by leave of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—Show'rs the thirsty land refresh - ing—  
 2. Pass me not, O God my Fa-ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let some drop-lets fall on me— E - ven me, e - ven me; Let some drop-lets fall on me.  
 Let thy mer - cy light on me— E - ven me, e - ven me; Let thy mer - cy light on me.  
 3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
 Let me live and cling to thee;  
 Fain I would enjoy thy favor;  
 While thou'ret calling, call thou me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me.

5. Love of God so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ so rich and free,  
 Grace of God so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify it all in me.

## Glory in the Highest!

1. While the si - lent stars are keep - ing Faith - ful watch o'er Bethlehem's plains, Hark! a - long the  
 2. Shepherds, wond'ring, view the glo - ry Light - ing up the mid - night sky, While they list - en

## CHORUS.

night breeze sweeping, An - gel harps and heaven-ly strains: "Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est!  
 to the sto - ry Of that heavenly com - pa - ny: "Glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest, etc.

Peace on earth, good will from heaven! Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est! Glo - ry to our God!"

3. They are singing of a Saviour,  
 Fondly hoped for, promised long.  
 Lo! he comes with heavenly favor,  
 Mingles with the busy throng.—CHO.
4. Comes to preach the great salvation,  
 Comes to wipe the mourner's tears,  
 Comes to free each captive nation,  
 Comes to banish all our fears.—CHO.
5. Let us, then, our off'nings bringing,  
 Bow before him and adore—  
 Join the heavenly host in singing  
 Praise to Jesus evermore.—CHO.

## Jesus Came.

1. Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Born a lit - tle child for me, To this world of  
sin . and shame—Came from sin to set me free. He who all the worlds did frame,  
Laid a - side his maj - es - ty; Je - sus came, Je - sus came, Born a lit - tle babe for me.

2. Jesus died, Jesus died,  
Died a cruel death for me ;  
For my sake was crucified,  
Hanging on the cursed tree ;  
Pierced hands and bleeding side,  
Wounded for my sake, I see :  
Jesus died, Jesus died,  
Died upon the cross for me.

3. Jesus rose, Jesus rose,  
Left the gloomy grave for me ;  
Gained the victory o'er his foes,  
Conquered the last enemy :  
Fearless I'll in death repose,  
Till his summons sets me free :  
Jesus rose, Jesus rose,  
Rose and left the grave for me.

4. Jesus lives, Jesus lives,  
Ever lives to plead for me—  
All my daily sins forgives,  
Grants me grace his child to be ;  
When immortal life he gives,  
I shall rise his face to see :  
Jesus lives, Jesus lives,  
Lives to intercede for me.

## God's Best Gift.

A. A. G.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing - ing In the night o'er Ju - dah's plain; Mes - sa - ges of  
mer - cy bring-ing To a realm of sin and pain. "Glo - ry be to God a - bove you,  
Peace to mor-tals here be - low; God the Fa - ther stoops to love you, And his rich - est gift be-stow.

2. Far above the hosts in glory  
Lived and reigned th' eternal Son,  
Praised in rapturous song and story,  
Served as God's beloved One;  
But 'twas he the Father gave us—  
Gave to weep, to bleed, to die,  
With his precious blood to save us,  
And our hearts to sanctify.

3. To achieve the soul's salvation,  
Must the Lord of glory die?  
Would no other rich oblation  
Truth and justice satisfy?  
Could not some less rich oblation  
Quench the wrath and stay the blow?  
No; to purchase our salvation  
Blood divine must freely flow.

4. On a cross of shame and anguish  
Must that precious blood be spilt;  
There the Son of God must languish,  
Bleed and die for human guilt.  
Yes, though heaven bows before thee,  
Sinners nailed thee to the cross;  
Ours the shame, but thine the glory,  
Ours the gain, but thine the loss.

1. Thro' the gold - en gate of light, Down a - mong our fal - len race, Je - sus comes! oh,

CHORUS.

glo - rious sight! Full of pit - y, love, and grace. Oh, make thee a home, blessed Je - sus, In a

Ritard.

heart all clean for thee; Then give me a home, blessed Je - sus By thy side, once pierced for me.

2. In that palace high adored,  
Here a life of woe he led,  
And creation's sovereign Lord  
Had not where to lay his head!—Cho.

3. Hands that all the worlds did make,  
Hands whose touch made blindness see,  
Were for our salvation's sake  
Nailed to Calvary's dreadful tree

4. Jesus, in whose glory shine  
All the radiant hosts above,  
Knocks at your poor heart and mine,  
Offering us his priceless love.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and  
an - gels say: Hal - - - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and tri - umphs high,  
Hal - - - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply; Hal - - - - le - lu - jah!

2. Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the vict'ry won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ has opened paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King!  
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"  
Once he died our souls to save;  
"Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

## The Day of Resurrection.

1. The day of Resur - rection! Earth tell it out abroad! The Paschal day of glad-ness, The Pass-o - ver of

## CHORUS.

God! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. High we raise our hal - le -

In - jahs To our Redeemer's name, Who to seek the lost and wand'ring And to save the sin - ner came.

2. From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our Christ hath brought us over  
With hymns of victory.—Cho.

8

3. Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein.—Cho.

4. In grateful exultation  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.—Cho.

113

## New Year's Hymn.

H. KINGSBURY.



1. O bro-th-ers, how the years roll on, Our years of prom-ise, one by one! The old year fades at  
2. O bro-th-ers, how the years roll on, And bring new du-ties, one by one! We've work to do; make



3. O bro-th-ers, how the years roll on, And bring new mer-cies, one by one! Come with thanksgiving,



still mid-night; The New Year comes with morn-ing light. Up, brothers, up, The New Year dawns;  
no de-lay; The light that beams is New Year's day. Up, brothers, up, The New Year dawns;



come with prayer, And greet the New Year's morn-ing fair! Up, brothers, up, The New Year dawns;



Up, up, and gird your ar-mor on; Go forth to fight—'tis New Year's morn! 'tis New Year's morn!  
Up, up, and gird your ar-mor on; Go forth to work—'tis New Year's morn! 'tis New Year's morn!



Up, up, and gird your ar-mor on; Go forth in prayer—'tis New Year's morn! 'tis New Year's morn!

4. O brothers, how the years roll on !  
 Thousands to their account have gone !  
 Our time is short; work while 'tis day;  
 Oh, work and wait, and watch and pray !

Up, brothers, up,  
 The New Year dawns ;  
 Up, up, and gird your armor on,  
 And watch and pray—'t is New Year's morn.

## 115. Hymn for the New Year.

E. L. WHITE.

1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sne, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand  
 2. His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im - prove By the pa-tience of'

still till the Mas - ter ap - pear; And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.  
 hope and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope and the la - bor of love.

3. Our life is a dream ;  
 Our time, as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 || : And the fugitive moment refuses to stay. :||

4. The arrow is flown,  
 The moment is gone,  
 The millennial year  
 || : Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near. :||

5. Oh that each in the day  
 Of his coming may say,  
 "I have fought my way through,  
 || : I have finished the work thou didst give me to do." :||

6. Oh that each from his Lord  
 May receive the glad word,  
 "Well and faithfully done;  
 || : Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne. :||

## The Bright Land of Glory.



1. A - cross the deep stream is the bright land of glo - ry, And chil - dren by thou-sands its bless-ed - ness  
 2. They sing the new song that shall nev - er grow old - en; 'Tis "Glo - ry to God and the Lamb that was



3. My Sav-iour, I pant to be one of their num - ber, To join in the loud ad - o - ra - tion and



prove; There Je - sus, no long-er the Man torn and go - ry, En-folds the young forms in the arms of his  
 slain;" While lond rings the harp that is tune - ful and gold - en, And mountain and val - ley re - ech - o the



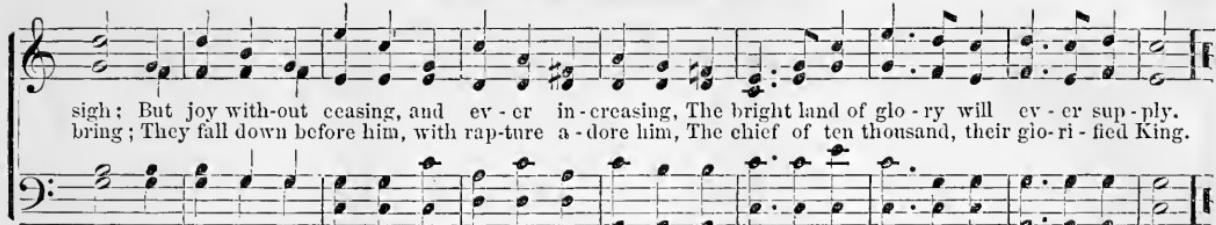
song; But I am a sin - ner, and fol - lies en - cum - ber A heart that is weak while its tempters are



love: No sin shall de - file them, no tempt-er be - guile them, No sor-row shall wring from the bo-som a  
 strain. Their robes are all whiteness, their crowns are all brightness, And these to the feet of their Sav-iour they



strong. But help me, I pray thee, to nev - er be - tray thee, To bear ev - ery cross and each du - ty per-



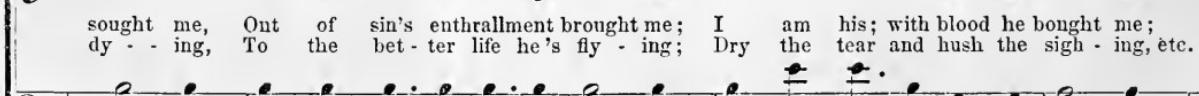
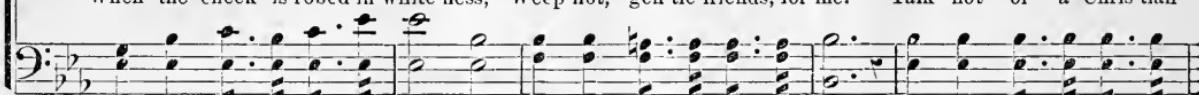
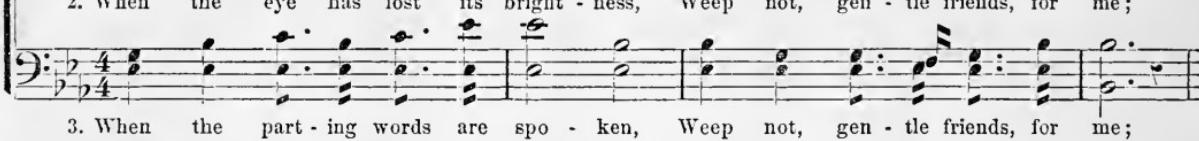
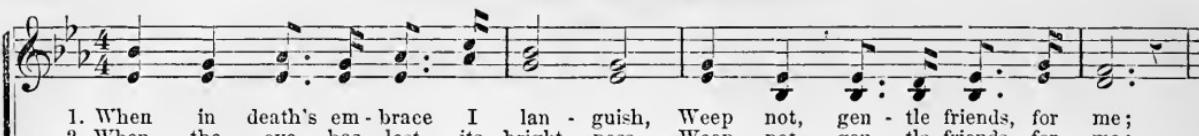
## 117. No Night There.

H. K.



2. No sighs in the better land,  
No sighs o'er hidden grief,  
No sorrows to rise, like a phantom hand,  
And bar the door to relief.
3. No tears in the better land  
Falling in burning rain;  
For the Father's gentle and loving hand  
Shall banish weeping and pain.
4. But light in the better land,  
Light on the crystal sea.  
Light glancing over the golden strand,  
Light in the spirits free.

5. And songs in the better land,  
That swell out loud and clear,  
To the Saviour whose strong protecting hand  
Hath brought his ransomed here.
6. There's joy in the better land,  
Undimmed by shivering dread  
Of an hour of parting close at hand,  
Of the farewell tears to shed.
7. Oh, rapture and fullest peace  
Fill the land of light and love;  
And glory, for ever to increase—  
Night entereth not above.



## Weep not for Me.—CONCLUDED.

119

CHORUS.

Weep not, gen - tle friends, for me. He who gave him - self for me  
 Calls me home with him to be; Weep not, weep not, Weep not, gen-tle friends, for me.

## 119. Life is not Dark to Me.

H. K.

1. Life's journey is to some most dark, But 'tis not so to me ; My spir-it ris-es with the lark, And all is bright I see.  
 2. The paths are beautiful I tread, All filled with light and joy; By Israel's gentle Shepherd led, Naught can my peace destroy.

3. The guides of earth all lead astray ;  
 They know not where to go  
 To find the sure and heavenly way,  
 Where living waters flow.
4. Sunshine and flowers diffuse around  
 My path, from day to day.  
 Sweet joys, which more and more abound,  
 Through Christ, who leads the way.
5. Oh, make not then life's journey dark,  
 It may be bright to thee ;  
 Rise like the heavenward soaring lark,  
 And thou shalt happy be.

119

## A World of Beauty.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Ye ransomed ones in glo - ry, What snow - y robes ye wear, What rapturous song and sto - ry The  
list-en-ing an - gels hear; What tune - ful notes are ring - ing From gold - en harps so sweet, What

CHORUS.

radiant crowns you're flinging At your Re-deem - er's feet.      World of beau - ty! oh, to be there,

2. A throne and kingdom sharing,  
As kings and priests ye reign,  
The victor's palm you're bearing,  
Oh, beautiful shining train.  
Now angels bright invite you  
The tuneful choir to hear,  
And joyous strains delight you  
From countless harpers there.—Cho.

3. The flowers around you blooming,  
A grateful fragrance yield,  
The balmy air perfuming,  
And beautiful grove and field;  
The living fount for ever  
A silver streamlet throws,  
While close beside the river  
The tree immortal grows.—Cho.

4. One season bland and vernal  
Your lovely land shall see,  
One Saviour, King eternal,  
The theme of your song shall be;  
One cloudless day detain you  
In court and bower and grove,  
One glorious work enchain you—  
The work of praise and love.—Cho.



## 121. The Land of Promise.

Words and Music by A. H. WELLS.

Musical score for 'The Land of Promise' featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical notes.

1. There is a blessed country Be-yond our mortal sight, A land for - ey - er blooming, A land without a night:

There nev-er fa-ding flow-rets In fragrance ever bloom; It is the land of promise, A land that knows no gloom.

2. A home for weary pilgrims  
Where cares no more oppress,  
Where sorrows cannot enter,  
And sins no more distress:  
A mansion rich and glorious  
Our Saviour has procured,  
By his own precious life-blood,  
And evermore secured.

3. There sweetest songs of praises  
Entrance the heavenly choir,  
While themes of rapturous gladness  
Their hearts and lips inspire;  
There they behold their Saviour,  
In glory all divine;  
They yield to him their homage,  
And in his light they shine.

4. Then let us all be earnest  
To seek that better land,  
To yield our hearts to Jesus,  
In faith and hope to stand;  
And then in robes of whiteness,  
With golden harps in hand,  
We'll join the endless praises  
Of Canaan's happy land.

## The New Jerusalem.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Bathed in un-fall-en sun-light, It - self a sun-born gem, Fair gleams the glo-rious  
 2. Calm in her queen-ly glo-ry, She sits, all joy and light; Pure in her bri-dal

cit - y, The new Je - ru - sa - lem! Cit - y fair - est, Splen - dor ra - rest, Let me  
 beau - ty, Her rai - ment fes - tal white! Home of glad - ness, Free from sad - ness, Let me

gaze ou - thee! Cit - y fair - est, Splen - dor ra - rest, Let me gaze on thee!  
 dwell in thee! Home of glad - ness, Free from sad - ness, Let me dwell in thee!

3. Shading her golden pavement  
 The tree of life is seen,  
 Its fruit-rich branches waving  
 Celestial evergreen.  
 ||: Tree of wonder, Let me under  
 Thee for ever rest. :||

4. Fresh from the throne of Godhead,  
 Bright in its crystal gleam,  
 Bursts out the living fountain,  
 Swells on the living stream.  
 ||: Blessed river, Let me ever  
 Feast my eye on thee ! :||

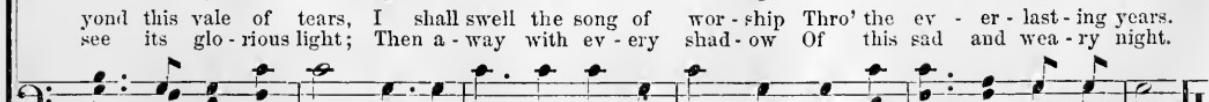
5. Stream of true life and gladness,  
 Spring of all health and peace,  
 No harps by thee hang silent,  
 Nor happy voices cease.  
 ||: Tranquil river, Let me ever  
 Sit and sing by thee. :|| H. BONAK.



3. I am wait - ing for the com - ing Of the Lord who died for me: Oh, his words have thrilled my



spir it, "I will come a - gain for thee." I can al - most hear his foot - fall On the



1. There's a bet-ter land than this, 'Tis a land of love and bliss; but the grave to that land is the por-  
tal: There the eye shall never weep, There the heart with joy shall leap, There the flow'rs and the fruits are immortal.

**CHORUS.**

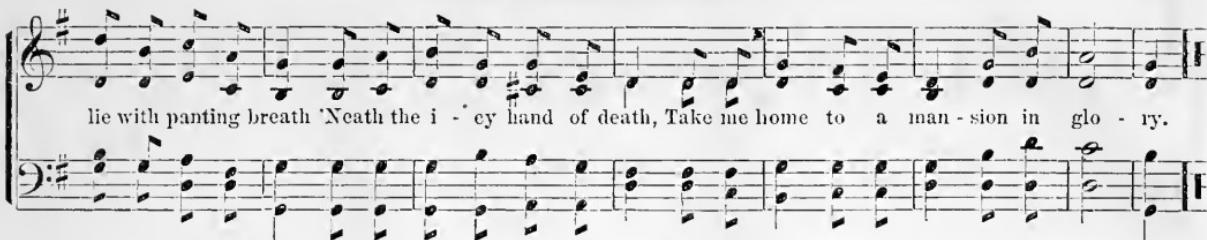
Take me, Sav - iour, to my heavenly home; Take me, Sav - iour, nev - er more to roam: When I

2. But to reach that blessed place,  
And behold the lovely face  
Of my Saviour and King in his beauty,  
I must turn from every sin,  
And in early life begin  
To press on in the pathway of duty.  
Cho.—Take me, Saviour, etc.

124

3. I must go, a sinful child,  
All unworthy and defiled,  
To the cross upon Calvary's mountain;  
There the Saviour's precious blood  
Flows, a healing, cleansing flood,  
And the guilty may wash in that fountain.  
Cho.—Take me, Saviour, etc.

4. When by Satan sorely pressed,  
I can find a blessed rest  
On the heart once so wounded and riven;  
He will give me grace and strength,  
And the victory at length  
Shall be mine in the kingdom of heaven.  
Cho.—Take me, Saviour, etc.



lie with panting breath 'Neath the i - ey hand of death, Take me home to a man - sion in glo - ry.

## 125. High in Yonder Realms of Light.

BLUMENTHAL.



1. High in yonder realms of light Dwell the raptured saints above, Far beyond our feeble sight, Happy in Immanuel's love.



Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us below, Gloomy doubts, distressing fears, Torturing pain and heavy woe.



2. But these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never, never weep again.  
'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,

Hark! their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

3.  
All is tranquil and serene,  
Calm and undisturbed repose;

There no cloud can intervene,  
There no angry tempest blows;  
Every tear is wiped away,  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,  
Night is lost in endless day,  
Sorrow in eternal rest.

BAFFLES.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -neath thy con - tem -  
 pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed. I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me  
 there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com-pare! {A - men.  
 (For ver. 4 only.)

2. They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from toil released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast.

3. And they who, with their Leader,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 Oh land that seest no sorrow,  
 Oh state that fear'st no strife,  
 Oh royal land of flowers,  
 Oh realm and home of life!

4. Oh sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect;  
 Oh sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art, with God the Father  
 And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

## Thou Mansion Bright.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and treble clef. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The second staff starts with a piano dynamic. The third staff begins with a forte dynamic. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes.

1. Thou man-sion bright, thou home of light, And ev - er blest em - ploy. Where struggling faith is  
2. Thou man-sion bright, thou home of light, What gloom a-round us lay, Till gleams of thee stole

turned to sight, And sor - row turned to joy. There Je - sus sits en - throned, And  
on our sight, And changed our night to day. There Je - sus sits en - throned, etc.

saints and an - gels round, Ring out the joy - ons psalm Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

2. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
By Jesus' hand prepared,  
How can I lose thee from my sight,  
By worldly magic snared! There Jesus, etc.

4. Thou mansion bright, thou home of light,  
I long, I long for thee;  
I long to tread the margin bright  
Along the emerald sea. There Jesus, etc.

1. I've a home in the beau-ti-ful land, Where reigneth the pur-est de-light; No sigh-ing is there, No

## CHORUS.

cloud of des-pair, No win-ter, nor tem-pest, nor night. Oh, that beau-ti-ful land!

Oh, that beau-ti-ful land! No sigh-ing is there, No cloud of des-pair, No win-ter, nor tempest, nor night.

2. There are crowns in the beautiful land, 3. There are robes in the beautiful land, 4. There are harps in the beautiful land,  
 Far brighter than we can conceive, Of spotless and radiant white: Whose tones, soul-entrancing, awake  
 Prepared for the blest, Each purified one At touch of the throng,  
 When from labor they rest, Will outshine the sun, Who with jubilant song  
 And see him in whom they believe. When robed in those garments of light. The joys of salvation partake.

# The Beautiful Land.

129, 130

H. K.

1. There is joy in the beau - ti - ful land, Un - fa - ding, all - ho - ly, sub - lime— Joy  
 2. There is love in the beau - ti - ful land, In ev - e - ry bo - som it glows; All

put - ting to shame, As un - wor - thy of name, The mea - gre en - joy - ments of time.  
 fa - ces are bright With its glo - ri - ous light, As from the E - ter - nal it flows.

3. Yes, a home in the beautiful land  
 My Saviour has purchased for me;  
 At infinite cost  
 He recovered the lost,  
 That in glory with him they might be.

4. Oh, my home in the beautiful land,  
 I am sighing and longing for thee!  
 How blessed to go  
 From all weeping and woe,  
 And from sin evermore to be free!

5. Happy home in the beautiful land,  
 When my Saviour shall bring me to  
 My song will be sweet, [thee,  
 As I bow at his feet,  
 Who bought such a mansion for me.

## 130. Jerusalem the Golden.

1. JERUSALEM the golden!  
 I languish for one gleam  
 Of all thy glory folden  
 In distance and in dream!  
 My thoughts, like palms in exile,  
 Climb up to look and pray  
 For a glimpse of that dear country  
 That lies so far away.

2. Jerusalem the golden,  
 There all our birds that flew—  
 Our flowers but half unfolded,  
 Our pearls that turned to dew—  
 And all the glad life-music  
 Now heard no longer here,  
 Shall come again to greet us,  
 As we are drawing near.

(See Music, p. 126.)

3. Jerusalem the golden,  
 I toil on day by day;  
 Heart-sore each night with longing,  
 I stretch my hands and pray  
 That, midst thy leaves of healing  
 My soul shall find her nest, [ing.  
 Where the wicked cease from troub-  
 The weary are at rest. AMEN.



1. Sweet-ly she sleeps with the pi - ous dead, O'er her the wil-lows are bend-ing; Night with its tears and its  
2. Clad in the garb of the pil-grim band, Once thou wast way-worn and weary; Walk-ing by faith to the



3. Tho' in the path-way to glo - ry's gate, Je - sus will guide and befriend me, Guard me from foes that in



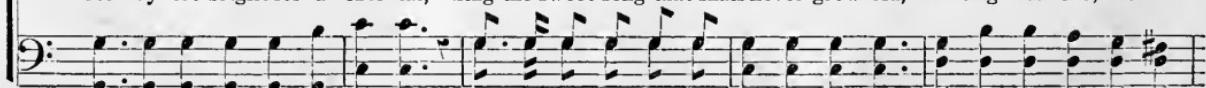
toils is fled, Changed for a morn nev - er end-ing; Moth-er, dear moth-er, I think of thee now,  
heav'n-ly land, Thro' the wide des - ert so drea - ry: Now dost thou ev - er with rap - ture be - hold



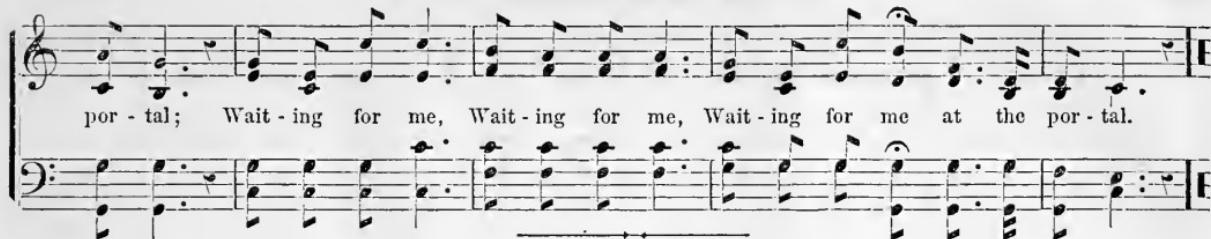
am - bush wait, Cheer me when sor-rows at - tend me; Fain would my soul from its fet - ters be free,



Shi - ning in beau - ty im - mor-tal, Palms in thy hand and a crown on thy brow, Waiting for me at the  
Glo - ry too bright for a mor-tal, Sing the sweet song that shall never grow old, Waiting for me, etc.



Cast off the robes of the mor-tal, Join thee, dear mother, now waiting for me, Waiting for me, etc.



Words by S. H. THAYER, Esq.

## 132. Shall we Know Each Other There?

H. KINGSBURY.

Musical notation for the hymn 'Shall we Know Each Other There?'. The music is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. It features two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

1. Shall we know each oth - er there, In the life to come? See a - gain those fa - ces  
fair, With the smiles they used to wear, And their glo-rious beau - ty share, In ourheaven-ly home?

2. When we part from dearest friends—  
Part in grief and pain,  
O'er the gloom the rainbow bends,  
One bright ray the darkness rends,  
One sweet thought to heaven ascends,  
“We shall meet again!”

3. By the hovering angels brought  
To the souls they love,  
Comes that sweet consoling thought,  
With such gracious promise fraught,  
Of the bliss for mourners wrought,  
In the realms above.

4. When the storms of life are o'er,  
And the journey done,  
On that peaceful, happy shore  
We shall meet to part no more,  
And each loved one, gone before  
Know, as we are known.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for treble clef and the bottom staff is for bass clef. Both staves use a common time signature. The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

1. As the flowers that grace the wild-wood Fall be - fore the an-gry storm, Touched by death, en - ga-ging  
child - hood Lies a with - ered, wast - ed form. Lit - tle flower - et, kind - ly plaut - ed In the  
bo - som of our home, How thy grow - ing charms en-chant - ed, Charms now hid - den in the tomb.

2. O'er the faded form we languish :  
Who or what can bring relief,  
Dry the tear, and ease the anguish ?  
What can stanch the bleeding grief?  
Warm affections twined around theee,  
How we loved thee none can tell—  
In our foolish hearts enthroned theee;  
Can we, can we say, " Farewell "?

3. Mourner, cease thy lamentation,  
Why should tears thy cheek bedew ?  
In this hour of desolation  
Jesus waits to comfort you.  
Rouse thee from thy deep dejection  
He can heal, restore, and bless :  
Give him all thy heart's affection,  
Let him have the lost one's place.

4. Here the hand of death can sever ;  
But the object of thy love  
In its beauty blooms for ever,  
In the paradise above.  
There again shalt thou behold it,  
Robed in perfect purity ;  
To thy loving heart enfold it,  
Never more to droop and die.

## Oh, for the Robes of Whiteness!

1. Oh, for the robes of white - ness! Oh, for the tear-less eyes! Oh, for the glo - rious  
 2. Oh, for the bliss of fly - ing, My ris - en Lord to meet! Oh, for the rest of  
 3. Je - sus, thou King of Glo - ry, I soon shall dwell with thee; I soon shall sing the

bright - ness Of the un - cloud - ed skies, Oh, for the no - more weep - ing With-  
 ly - ing For ev - er at his feet! Oh, for the hour of see - ing My  
 sto - ry Of thy great love to me, Mean-while my thoughts shall en - ter E'en

in the land of love, The end - less joy of keep - ing The bri - dal feast a - bove!  
 Sav-iour face to face; The hope of ev - er be - ing In that sweet meet-ing - place!  
 now be - fore thy throne, That all my love may cen - tre In thee, and thee a - lone.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on; Slow - ly drops the gen - tle  
twi-light, For an - oth - er day is gone—Gone for aye; its race is o - ver; Soon the  
dark - er shades will come; Still, 'tis sweet to know at e - ven We are one day near - er home.

2. "One day nearer," sings the sailor,  
As he glides the waters o'er,  
While the light is softly dying  
On his distant native shore.  
Thus the Christian on life's ocean,  
As his light boat cuts the foam,  
In the evening cries with rapture,  
"I am one day nearer home."

3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim  
Hails the setting of the sun,  
For the goal is one day nearer,  
And his journey nearly done:  
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,  
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;  
As the twilight gathers o'er us,  
We are "one day nearer home."

4. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer  
To our Father's house on high—  
To the green fields and the fountains  
Of the land beyond the sky;  
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,  
And its lights hang in the dome,  
And our tents are pitched still closer,  
For we're "one day nearer home."

1. I have a home not made with hands; In heaven e - ter - nal - ly it stands, Sur-  
round-ed by an - gel - ic bands; Oh, 'tis a glo - rious home! Far from that home I here re-main; I  
toil and suf - fer on in pain, Un - til that heavenly rest I gain—My dear and hap - py home.

2. If I had pinions like a dove,  
With steadfast eye on things above,  
I'd mount upon the wings of love

Up to that blessed home,  
My heavenly Father to adore,  
To shout and sing for evermore  
His praise, with those who've gone before  
To their eternal home.

3. Loved ones are there, to me most dear,  
I knew them well when they were here;  
They sing in God the Father's ear,

Their God, who took them home.  
I long to join that glorious band,  
To find my place at God's right hand,  
And sing with those who round him stand  
In their celestial home.

4. Dear Saviour, give us daily grace  
To fit us for that holy place,  
And help us still to run the race

That brings us to our home.  
Oh, there we shall most happy be,  
From every sin and sorrow free,  
And all our bliss we'll find in thee,  
Our dearest Lord, at home.



1. When myste - ri - ous whis - pers are float - ing a - bout, And voi - ces that will not be still Shall

2. There are lit - tle ones glan - ging a - bout on my path In need of a friend and a guide; There are



3. There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love; There are wretched ones pa - cing the street; There are



summon me hence from the slippery shore To the waves that are silent and still; When I look with chang'd eyes at the

dim lit - tle eyes looking up into mine, Whese tears could be easily dried; But Je - sus may beck-on the



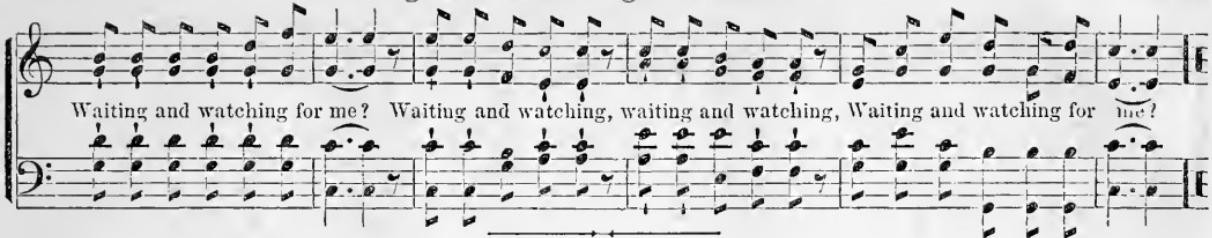
friendless and suffering strangers around; There are tempted and poor I must meet. There are many un-tho't of, whom



home of the blest, Far out of the reach of the sea— Will a - ny one stand at that beau-ti - ful gate  
chil - dren a - way, In the midst of their grief or their glee— Will some of them be at that beau-ti - ful gate, etc.



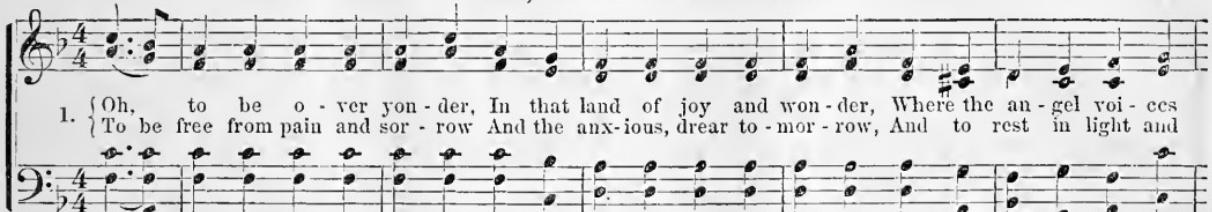
hap - py and blest, In the land of the good I shall see; Will some of them be at the beau-ti - ful gate, etc.



Waiting and watching for me? Waiting and watching, waiting and watching, Waiting and watching for me?

## 138. Oh, to be over Yonder!

H. K.



1. { Oh, to be o - ver yon - der, In that land of joy and won - der, Where the an - gel voi - ces  
 { To be free from pain and sor - row And the anx - ious, drear to - mor - row, And to rest in light and

2. { Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! For the long - ing grow - eth strong - er When I see the soar - ing  
 { I long for their fleet pin - ions, So to reach my Lord's do - min - ions, And to rest my wea - ry



wild doves cleave the air on rapid wing;  
 spir - it in the presence of the King!

3. Oh, to be over yonder,  
 In that land of joy and wonder,  
 Where are life and light and sunshine beaming fair  
 on every thing;  
 Where the day-beam is unshaded,  
 And pure as He who made it,  
 In the land of cloudless sunshine where my Saviour  
 is the King!

4. Oh, when shall I be dwelling  
 Where the angel-voices swelling [ring?  
 In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens  
 Where the pearly gates are gleaming,  
 And the morning stars are beaming—  
 Oh, that I may soon go over to the presence of my King!

1. There's a beau-ti-ful riv - er a-bove, Which flows from the midst of the throne, Whose surface no tempests d.  
turb, Un - ruf - fied it sweet - ly glides on. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove, With  
walls deck'd with jewels so rare, With streets of pure glit-ter-ing gold, To which nothing on earth can compare.

2. There are beautiful mansions above,  
Prepared by the Saviour for those  
Who look for salvation to him  
And, only on him do repose.  
There's a beautiful anthem above,  
Which the glorified ever shall sing,  
Whose notes, as they swell through the heavens,  
Sweet praise to the Saviour shall bring.

3. There are beautiful angels above,  
Surrounding the throne of the Lamb,  
Whose service- blest service—it is,  
To worship, unceasing, his name.  
And all these bright, beautiful things,  
And more than the heart can conceive,  
Are offered by God in his love  
To all who on Jesus believe.

## Welcome Home.



1. Je - sus wel-comes, when they've crossed the river, Youth - ful pil - grims to the shi-ning shore:  
2. Once they jour-neyed thro' the des - er t drea - ry, Weep - ing, toil - ing, while the cross they bore;



Fair and hap - py they shall reign for ev - er; Sin and sor - row they shall know no more.  
Now no long - er soiled by tears and wea - ry, They are rest - ing on the peace-ful shore.



## CHORUS.



Would you meet them? Would you greet them? Fly to Je - sus ere thy sun - ny morn is o'er.



3. Now they enter through the pearly portal,  
Crowned with glory, clad in white attire;  
Now they gather fruits and flowers immortal,  
Now with rapture strike the golden lyre.  
Cho.—Would you meet them? etc.

4. They loved Jesus ere they crossed the river,  
In their bosoms glowed the holy flame;  
Now with Jesus they shall walk for ever  
In the pasture by the gentle stream.  
Cho.—Would you meet them? etc.

## The Land Beyond the River.

Rev. A. A. GRALEY.

1. To the land be-yond the riv - er Those we loved have gone be-fore: Tears have ceased to flow for-

ev - er, For the reign of grief is o'er: Sin shall nev - er more de - file them,

Foes shall nev - er more dis-tress, Fol - ly nev - er more be - guile them From the way of ho - li-ness.

2. Once, their faith and patience failing,  
Trembled they with dire alarms;  
Now, his beauty all unveiling,  
Jesus takes them to his arms:  
Ended all their toils and losses,  
Ceased the struggle and the strife;  
They've exchanged their heavy crosses  
For the fadeless crown of life.

3. Saviour, thou who didst uphold them  
When they wept and struggled here,  
To thy loving heart didst fold them,  
And their drooping spirits cheer;  
Thou art ever kind and tender,  
Ever mighty is thy arm;  
Be thou then our strong defender  
In the battle and the storm.

4. Land of love and fadeless beauty,  
Till thy glory we shall view,  
We will walk the path of duty  
With the holy and the true;  
Soon we'll reach the rolling river,  
Soon will walk the shining shore,  
Sing redemption's song for ever  
With the loved ones gone before.

## Anniversary Hymn.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and common time (indicated by '6'). The bottom staff uses a bass clef and common time (indicated by '8'). The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and sharp signs indicating key changes. The lyrics are integrated with the music, appearing below the staves in five numbered stanzas.

1. The birth-day of the Sab-bath-school, The ev - er wel - come day! We hail once more its  
 2. Fond mem'ries now are throng-ing back, With mingling smiles and tears, Of all we loved and  
 glad re-turn, To mark our on - ward way. A fit - ting time it is for praise, A fit - ting time to  
 all we lost In hap - py by-gone years; Of friends once gathered with us here, Now dead or far a-  
 pray, On the birthday of the Sabbath-school, This bright and happy day, This bright and happy day.  
 way, On the birthday of the Sabbath-school, This bright and happy day, This bright and happy day.

3. A joyous greeting to the day  
 To all our hearts so dear;  
 A loving welcome to the friends  
 Who come to meet us here:  
 For all their sympathy and aid  
 Our hearty thanks we pay, etc.

4. To Him who sends us all good gifts  
 From his blest home above,  
 Who claims our gratitude and praise,  
 Our worship and our love,  
 We consecrate our lives anew,  
 And give ourselves away, etc.

5. Be thou, O Lord, thro' all our years  
 Our guardian and our guide,  
 For his dear love, who for our sakes  
 Came down from heaven and died,  
 And save us all in him at last —  
 Thus would we humbly pray, etc.

## The Better World.

H. K.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses treble clef and common time (indicated by '6'). The middle staff uses bass clef and common time (indicated by '8'). The bottom staff uses bass clef and common time (indicated by 'b'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is:

1. There's a fair - er world than this, brothers, There's a fair - er world than this, Where all the beauti-  
ones are gone, Whom here we mourn and miss; Where flowers of won-der - ful fragrance grow, And  
bloom e - ter - nal - ly. And the tree of life drops gold - en fruit On the shore of the crys-tal sea:

2. There's a happier world than this, brothers,  
There's a happier world than this,  
Where comes no death, no grief, no pain  
To mar the perfect bliss.  
No strife is there and no rude alarm,  
But all is peace and love;  
No night is there, but endless day,  
For the Lamb is the light thereof.—Cho.
3. There's a better world than this, brothers,  
There's a better world than this,  
Where no disciple denies his Lord,  
Nor wounds him with a kiss;  
Where dwell for ever in holiness  
The ransomed and the blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.—Cho.
4. Shall we wake in that bright world,  
brothers,  
When we close our eyes on this,  
And lay aside these robes of shame  
For the robe of righteousness?  
Do we choose our portion and cast our lot  
With those to whom 't is given  
To bear the Saviour's cross on earth,  
And wear his crown in heaven?—Cho.

**CHORUS.**

Come then, brothers, come with me, And that bright world our home shall be For all e - ter - ni - ty.

## 144. Battling for the Lord.

T. E. PERKINS, by permission.

**Semi-Chorus.**                   **Chorus.**                   **Semi-Chorus.**                   **Chorus.**

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord; E - ter - nal life our guiding star, Victors thro' his word.  
 2. We've girded on our armor bright, Battling for the Lord; Our Captain's word our strength and might, Victors, etc.

**FULL CHORUS.**

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

3. We 'll stand like heroes on the field, 4. Though sin and death our way oppose,  
 Battling for the Lord, Battling for the Lord,  
 And nobly fight, but never yield, Thro' grace we 'll conquer all our foes,  
 Victors through his word.—Cho. Victors through his word.—Cho.
5. And when our glorious war is o'er,  
 Battling for the Lord,  
 We 'll shout salvation evermore,  
 Victors through his word.—Cho.

## Farewell.

A. A. G.

1. There is a word of sad - ness, 'Tis known a - lone on earth It steals a - way the  
 glad - ness That shines a - round the hearth; We see the tear - drops start - ing From  
 out their crys - tal cell: It is the hour of part - ing, And friendship sighs, Fare - well.

2. We see a loved one languish  
 Upon the couch of death;  
 We gather round in anguish,  
 And wait the parting breath:  
 But ere the tie is broken,  
 From lips all pale and chill

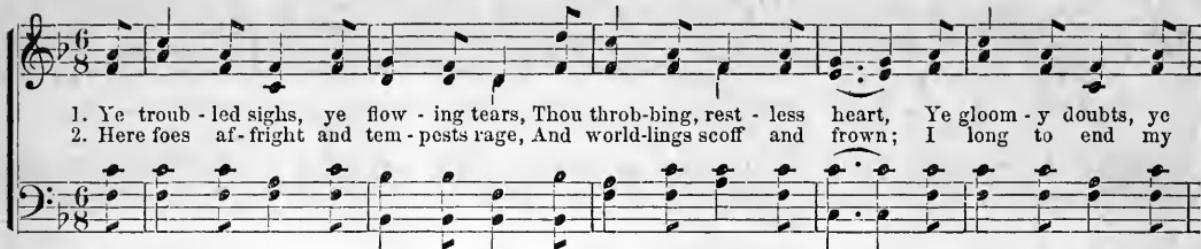
We hear love's latest token,  
 'The last, the sad Farewell!

3.  
 But o'er the deep cold river  
 There is a peaceful shore,

Where saints shall live for ever,  
 And partings are no more:  
 They hear no mournful story,  
 They hear no funeral knell,  
 And not an heir of glory  
 Shall ever say, Farewell!

# Happy and Free.

146



1. Ye troub - led sighs, ye flow - ing tears, Thou throb-bing, rest - less heart, Ye gloom - y doubts, ye  
2. Here foes af - fright and tem - pests rage, And world-lings scoff and frown; I long to end my

**CHORUS.**

chill - ing fears, I long from you to part. Up - ward I'd fly to my heaven-ly home,  
pil - grim-age, And robe and staff lay down. Up - ward I'd fly to my heaven-ly home, etc.

Hap - py and free, hap - py and free; Upward I'd fly to my heaven-ly home, Hap - py for ev - er and free.

3. O land of harp, O land of song,  
O land of peace and joy,  
I long to join your tuneful throng,  
And share your sweet employ.—Cho.

4. There Jesus, once for sinners slain,  
In beauty reigns supreme;  
I pant to join the choral train,  
His love my endless theme.—Cho.

5. Ye captive souls, by sin controlled,  
The Son can make you free;  
Ye wanderers from the Shepherd's fold,  
Return, and sing with me.—Cho.

## Sweet is the Light.



1. Sweet is the light of the summer morn Streaming thro' wildwood and bower, Robing in beauty the verdant lawn,



## CHORUS.



Smiling on dewdrop and flower. Then shine on my path, sweet light, sweet light, And brighten my days, sweet light, Till



upward I soar to the shining shore, And bask in thy rays, sweet light, sweet light, And bask in thy rays, sweet light.



2. Sweet is the light of the sacred page, 3. Sweet is the light of the Saviour's face, 4. Sweet is the light where the ransomed  
Dear to the spirit oppressed; Chasing the fears that annoy; sing—

Cheering the pilgrim from youth to Warming and raising each drooping Light that for ever shall shine;  
age, grace, Never obscured by the night's dark wing,

Guiding the soul to its rest.—Cho. Waking the accents of joy.—Cho. Perfect, eternal, divine.—Cho.

## Work and Pray.

148

1. A - rise and speed the cause of truth To earth's re - mo - test bound; With glowing love and ar - dent zeal Build  


2. Yes, pray, for thou thyself art weak,  
And foes are strong around;  
But prayer will bring the blessing down,  
And with success thy efforts crown,  
And all thy foes confound.—CHO.

2. Yes, pray, for thou thyself art weak,  
And foes are strong around;  
But prayer will bring the blessing down,  
And with success thy efforts crown,  
And all thy foes confound.—Cho.

3. Yes, work, for who can dwell at ease  
In such a glorious day?  
Behold! the armies of the Lord,  
With banner bright, and shield and sword,  
Are marching to the fray.—Cho.

4. Yes, work and pray till heart and hand  
Shall moulder in the tomb;  
Then at the resurrection morn  
A crown thy forehead shall adorn,  
And angels shout thee home.—Cho.

## The Sweet Birds are Singing.

ASAHEL ABBOTT.

1. The sweet birds are sing - ing O'er mea - dow and tree; Oh, sure - ly they're  
 teach - ing A les son to me: 'Tis that I must be joy - ful In  
 God all my days, And soar - ing tow'rd heav - en, Keep war - bling his praise.

2. The little ant toiling  
 From morning till night,  
 Upon my heart deeply  
 A lesson may write:  
 'Tis to fill up each moment  
 Of time as it flies,  
 And have all my treasure  
 Laid up in the skies.

3. The bee, too, that gathers  
 A sweet from each flower,  
 And toils for the wintry day  
 Hour after hour,  
 Softly hums in my hearing,  
 That if I will strive  
 To be cheerful, and labor,  
 A rest I shall have.

4. Then Jesus stands waiting  
 So kindly: behold,  
 He calls every one of us  
 Into his fold:  
 "Come to me, the good Shepherd;  
 My lambs I will lead;  
 I'll carry the weary,  
 The hungry I'll feed."

## The Dayspring from on High.



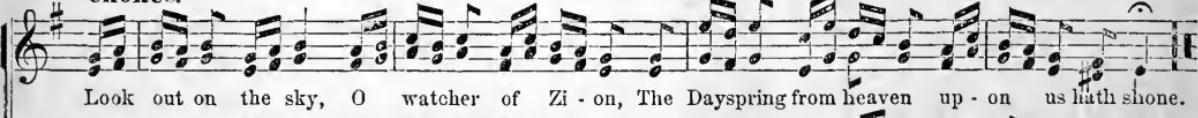
1. Lo, wide o'er the earth hangs the man-tle of darkness, Cheerless and drea-ry the hours of the night; When  
2, O watcher of Zi - on, the east is all glow-ing, Bright are the beams that are glad'ning the sky; How



far in the east steals the first beam of brightness; Oh, see, 'tis the com - ing of morning's soft light.  
fast are the shades of thy night dis - ap - pear-ing; Be - hold, the glad day of re - demp - tion is nigh.



## CHORUS.



Look out on the sky, O watcher of Zi - on, The Dayspring from heaven up - on us hath shone.



3. Oh, rouse thee up quickly, thy work is before thee;  
Sea-girded islands and wide-spreading land  
Invite thee to bear them the tidings of gladness;  
They wait thee on mountain, on wave, and on strand.

4. Thou Source of all light, we rejoice in thy coming,  
Gladly we hail this, the dawn of thy day;  
Oh, pour thou upon us the light of thy glory,  
And on our soul's darkness now shed thine own ray.

## Good Resolves.

1. The dead - ly cup while oth - ers drink, We'll nev - er, nev - er taste it; It lures us on to  
ru - in's brink, And thou - sands have con - fessed it. Come, boys and girls, the pledge we'll sign, Be  
temp'rance sons and daughters; We'll ban - ish bran - dy, rum, and wine, And drink the erys - tal wa - ters.

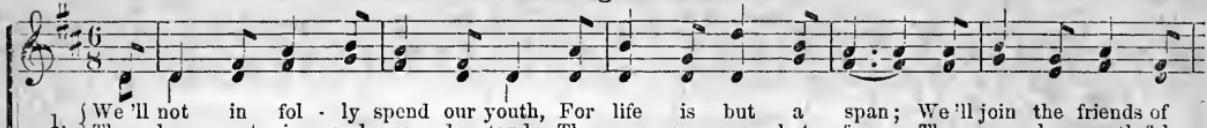
2. We'll never take God's name in vain,  
And never will profane it;  
The virtuous heart shall ne'er complain  
Our oaths alarm and pain it:  
No words profane our lips shall move,  
No words obscene defile them;  
And swearers we'll entreat in love,  
And pray for, not revile them.

3. We'll never use the filthy weed  
We taste at first with loathing,  
Which pales the cheek all blooming red,  
And scents the breath and clothing:  
If we beneath its power should fall,  
It will prove a cruel master,  
Around us throw its iron thrall,  
And bind the captive faster.

4. Then come, a war we'll nobly wage  
With all that would degrade us;  
The foe may meet us in his rage,  
But God will surely aid us:  
No tyrant habit e'er shall sit  
Enthroned and crowned within us;  
We'll cast ourselves at Jesus' feet,  
And love divine shall win us.

# The Young Workers.

152



1. { We'll not in fol - ly spend our youth, For life is but a span; We'll join the friends of  
The har - vest ripe and rea - dy stands, The reap - ers are but few; Then sure - ly youth-ful



## CHORUS.



God and truth, And do what good we can. } hearts and hands May something find to do. } Yes, yes, cheerful-ly, hopeful-ly, Let us be rea-dy to



do what we can; Yes, yes, faith - ful - ly, ear nest-ly, Let us be do - ing, for life is a span.



2. In lofty deeds which pens record  
We may not share a part,  
But still a prayer, a tear, a word,  
May ease an aching heart;  
The gospel we may never bear  
To lands of heathen night,

But we may help to scatter there  
The rays of saving light.  
CHO.—Yes, yes, cheerfully, etc.

3. But little gold have we to give,  
For scanty is our score;

But we a godly life may live,  
And who can tell its power?  
Oh, yes, there's much that we can do,  
In childhood and in youth,  
To bless a world of sin and woe,  
And speed the cause of truth.—CHO.

## Praise ye the Lord!

1. Praise ye the Lord, O ye pil - grim band, Bound to your rest in the good - ly land;  
 2. Praise ye the Lord, O ye war - rior band: Who can the ar - my of God with - stand?

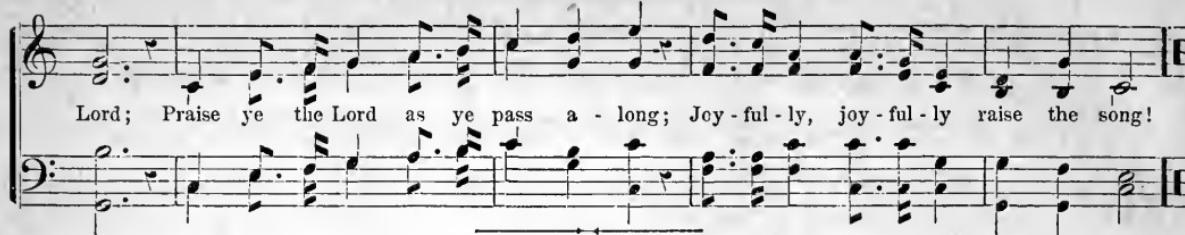
Lift up your voi - ces with sweet ac - cord, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly praise the Lord.  
 Arm - or di - vine is your shield and sword; Joy - ful ly, joy - ful - ly praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise ye the Lord, praise him, praise him; Praise ye the Lord, praise him, praise him; Praise ye the  
 Praise ye the Lord, . . . . . Praise ye the Lord, . . . . .

3. Praise ye the Lord, O ye toiling band;  
 Blest is the work of your heart and hand;  
 Jesus shall be by the world adored;  
 Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—CHORUS.

4. Bound to the beautiful land of rest,  
 Meeting the foe with a dauntless breast,  
 Working for Jesus by deed and word,  
 Joyfully, joyfully praise the Lord!—CHORUS.



## 154. Brightest and Best.

H. K.

Musical notation for 'Brightest and Best'. The music consists of two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are:

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;  
 2. Cold on his era - cradle the dew-drops are shi-ning, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
 An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - cli-ning, Ma - ker and Mon - arch and Sav - ionr of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
     Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?  
     Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
     Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
     Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;  
     Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
     Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor. HEBER.

Repeat verse 1 to close with.



1. 'Tis sweet in our child-hood to choose the good part, And give the dear Sav-iour the  
 2. 'Tis sweet to sit down at the feet of the Lord, And nour-ish the soul with the



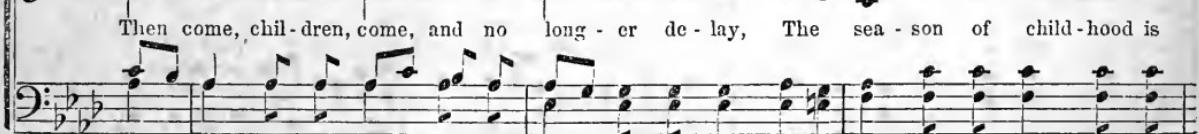
throne of the heart, To take up the cross and for glo-ry to start, Ere life's sun-ny morning is fled.  
 life - giv-ing word, And treas-ure the truth which its pages af-ford, And grow in the knowledge of God.



CHORUS.



Then come, chil-dren, come, and no long-er de-lay, The sea-son of child-hood is



3. 'Tis sweet, when the image of Christ we behold,  
 Adorning a life just begun to unfold;  
 For brighter and purer than jewels or gold  
 Is grace in the heart of a child.—CHORUS.

4. Oh, yes, it is sweet when the children begin  
 To turn from the pathway of folly and sin,  
 To walk with the holy, and labor to win  
 A throne and a crown in the skies.—CHORUS.

pass-ing a-way, Oh, en-ter the fold of the Sav-iour to-day, And feed with the lambs of his flock.

Words by REV. T. WOLCOTT, D. D.

## 156. Father, I Own thy Voice.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. Fa-ther, I own thy voice, I seek thy lov-ing faee; The fountain of my sweetest joys Is thine abounding graee.

2. Saviour, I cling to thee,  
Thou victor in the strife;  
Thy blood-paid ransom set me free,  
My peace, my hope, my life.

3. Father, behold thy child;  
Guide me, and guard from ill;  
In dangers thick, in deserts wild,  
Be my protector still.

4. Saviour, gird me with power  
For thee the cross to bear;  
Victorious in temptation's hour,  
Safe from the secret snare.

## 157. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain:  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free,  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

## The Last Fond Look is Taken.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first two staves are in common time (indicated by '4') and the third staff is in common time (indicated by '6'). The key signature is mostly major (indicated by a sharp sign). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing below the staff. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, and the third staff begins with a bass clef.

1. The last fond look is ta - ken, The last fare - wells are spo - ken, And the  
 2. Our fa!t - 'ring feet shall fol - low The paths we've trod to - geth - er, In the

sil - ver cord is loosed, And the gold - en bowl is bro - ken, And those  
 spring-time's cheer - ful days, In the sun - ny sum - mer weath - er; But a

eyes our eyes shall meet, And that voicc our ears shall greet nev - er - more, nev - er - more!  
 smi - ling, joy - ous band, We shall tread them, hand in hand, nev - er - more, nev - er - more!

3. We are bereaved and stricken,  
 Our hearts with grief are swelling  
 Our deep, unspoken woe  
 These bitter tears are telling;  
 But from out that placid sleep  
 Those eyes shall wake to weep,  
 Nevermore, nevermore!

4. No more the toil and trouble,  
 The wounded spirit's anguish,  
 The countless ills and pains  
 Under which we sadly languish,  
 Shall disturb that spirit blest,  
 In its everlasting rest,  
 Nevermore, nevermore!

5. Cease then our fond complaining,  
 Our unavailing sorrow,  
 And with a cheerful faith  
 Let us wait that glorious morrow,  
 When, upon that peaceful shore,  
 We shall meet to part no more,  
 Nevermore, nevermore!

# INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

---

SEE ALSO GENERAL INDEX UNDER PREFACE.

	No.		No.
Across the deep stream is the bright land of glory	116	Children, hark! the bells are ringing	21
Again returns the day of holy rest	15	Children, 't is a little thing	85
A little word in kindness said	51	Child's Prayer	29, 44
All night long, till break of day	79	Christmas Carol	104
"And he Blessed him There"	79	Christ's Home, and Ours	111
And is it true, as I am told	52	Christ's Soldiers	77
Angels' Song	96	Christ the Lord is risen to-day	112
Anniversary Hymn	142	Christ Welcomed	99
Are we sowing seeds of kindness	93	Come, children, let us sing	6
Arise and speed the cause of truth	148	"Come hither, all ye weary souls"	5
As the flowers that grace the wildwood	133	Come, join the conflict of right and wrong	71
A stranger here I roam	55	Come, let us anew our journey pursue	115
At the Door	33	Come to the Saviour, ye youthful souls	30
Babe of Bethlehem	49	Come unto Me	45
Bathed in unfallen sunlight	122	Courage, fellow-pilgrim	78
Battling for the Lord	144		
Beautiful Land	128, 129	Day of Resurrection	113
Beautiful Things Above	139	Dayspring from on High	150
Bells are Ringing	21	Dear Jesus, my Shepherd	59
Bethlehem Song	106		
Better World, The	143	Early Piety, 26----Beauty of Early Piety	155
Blest be the tie that binds	157	Early saved from sin and wrath	29
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	154	Ere its full blessedness dawns on my sight	58
Bright Land of Glory	116	Even Me	107
		Faded Flower	133
Captain, Pilot and Guide	18	Farewell	145
Cheerful Song	6	Father, I own thy voice	156
Children, can you tell me why	43	Favorable Hour	35

# ECHO TO HAPPY VOICES.

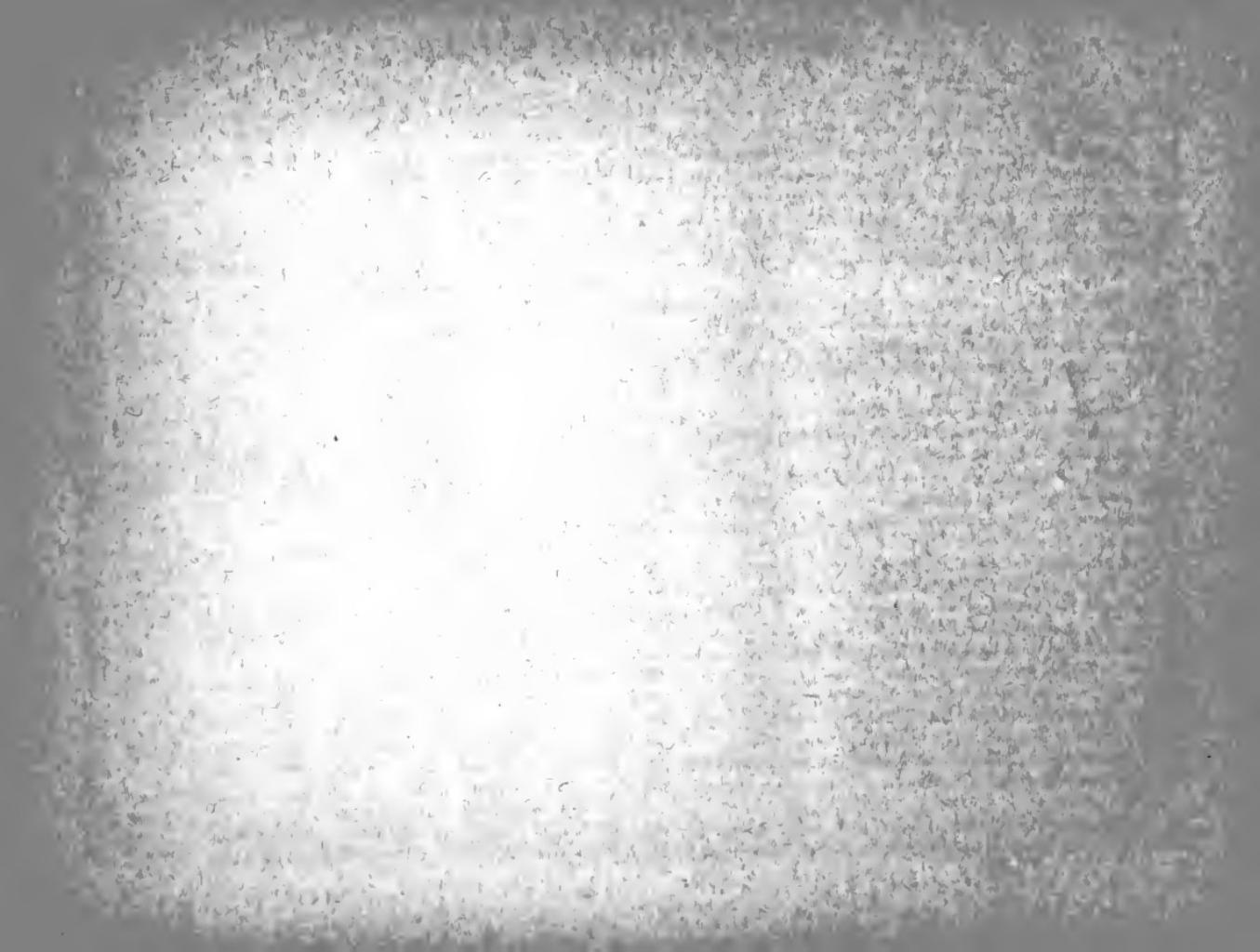
	No.		No.
For thee we long and pray-----	95	How happy is the child who walks -----	26
Friend Near and Dear -----	65	How sweet was the song of the angels of light -----	106
Friend of the Child-----	64		
From that far-off heaven-----	105	"I am the Light of the World!"-----	73
From the mountains drear and cold-----	56	I am waiting for the dawning-----	123
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us-----	100	I'd rather be a child of God-----	53
Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes-----	101	If I should walk a flowery path-----	66
Glory in the Highest-----	108	If I would be an angel-----	47
Glory to the Father give-----	23	I have a Friend in my home above-----	64
Good Fight of Faith-----	90	I have a home not made with hands-----	136
Good Resolves-----	151	I have read of the Saviour's love-----	37
Good Tidings-----	36	I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet-----	97
God the Father, 105 ; God's Best Gift-----	110	I'll not Forget to Pray-----	66
Guardian and Guide-----	91	I'll wander no more-----	67
Hail, happy day ; 'tis a day of salvation-----	20	I love to sing of that great Power-----	8
Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest-----	70	Instead of thy Fathers shall be thy Children-----	40
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!-----	1	I read of a land over Jordan-----	69
Happy and Free-----	146	Is the way to glory dark?-----	62
Happy Hour-----	84	It came upon the midnight clear-----	96
Hark! the angels' harps are sounding-----	2	I've a home in the beautiful land-----	128
Hark! the herald angels singing-----	110	I want to join the ransomed-----	49
Hark! the sound of angel voices-----	88	I will walk in the road which the ransomed, etc.-----	63
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying-----	89	I would not be an angel-----	48
Hark! 'tis the trumpet of liberty sounding-----	14		
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry-----	81		
Hark! what mean those holy voices-----	103		
Haste to the mountain, linger no more-----	34		
Harvest Home-----	74		
Have you heard the good tidings, dear children-----	38		
Heralds of the mighty gospel-----	87		
"Here am I ; Send Me"-----	89		
High in yonder realms of light-----	125		
Hosanna to the Son of David-----	3		
		Jesus welcomes, when they've crossed the river-----	140
		Jesus, we praise thee in our songs-----	7

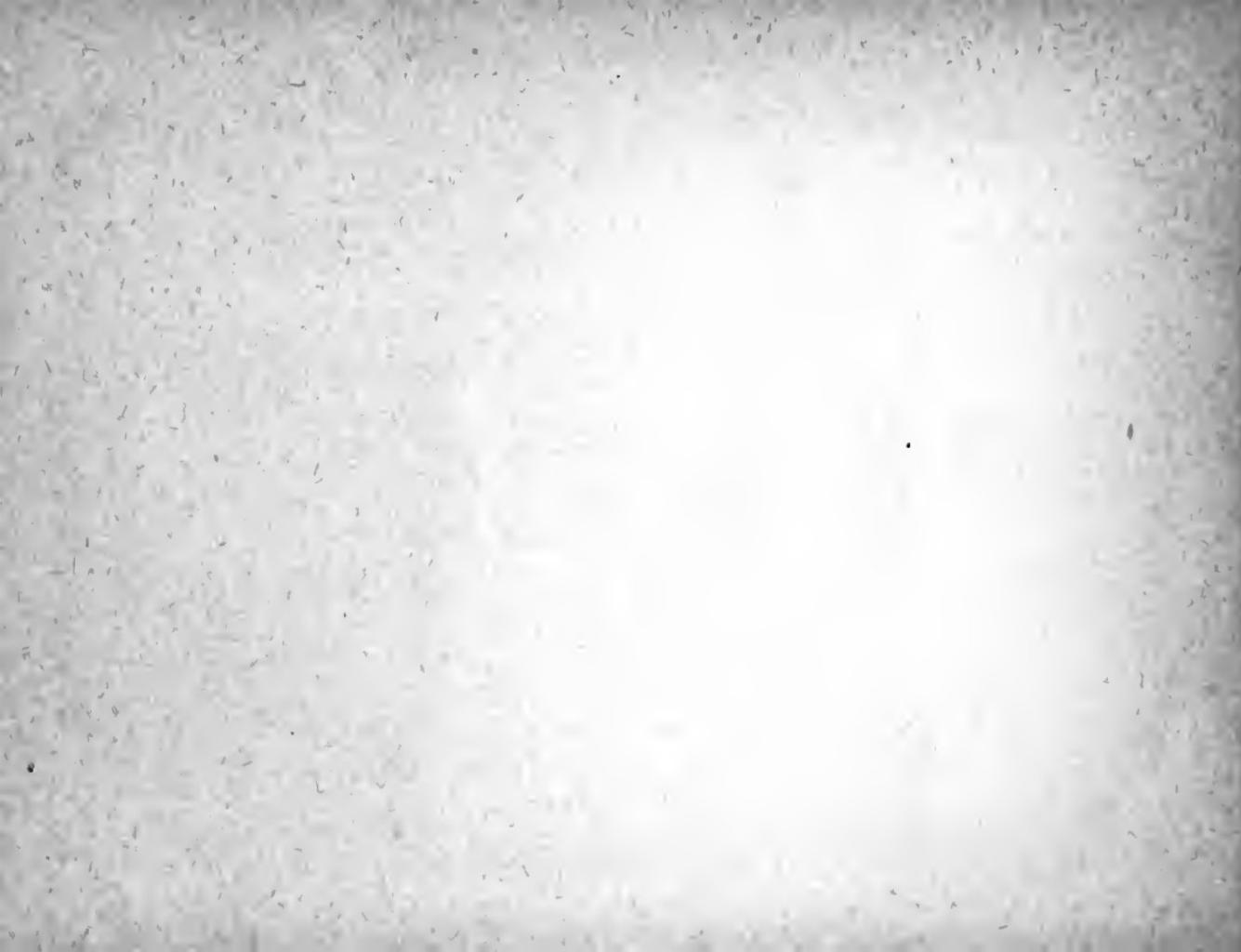
# INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

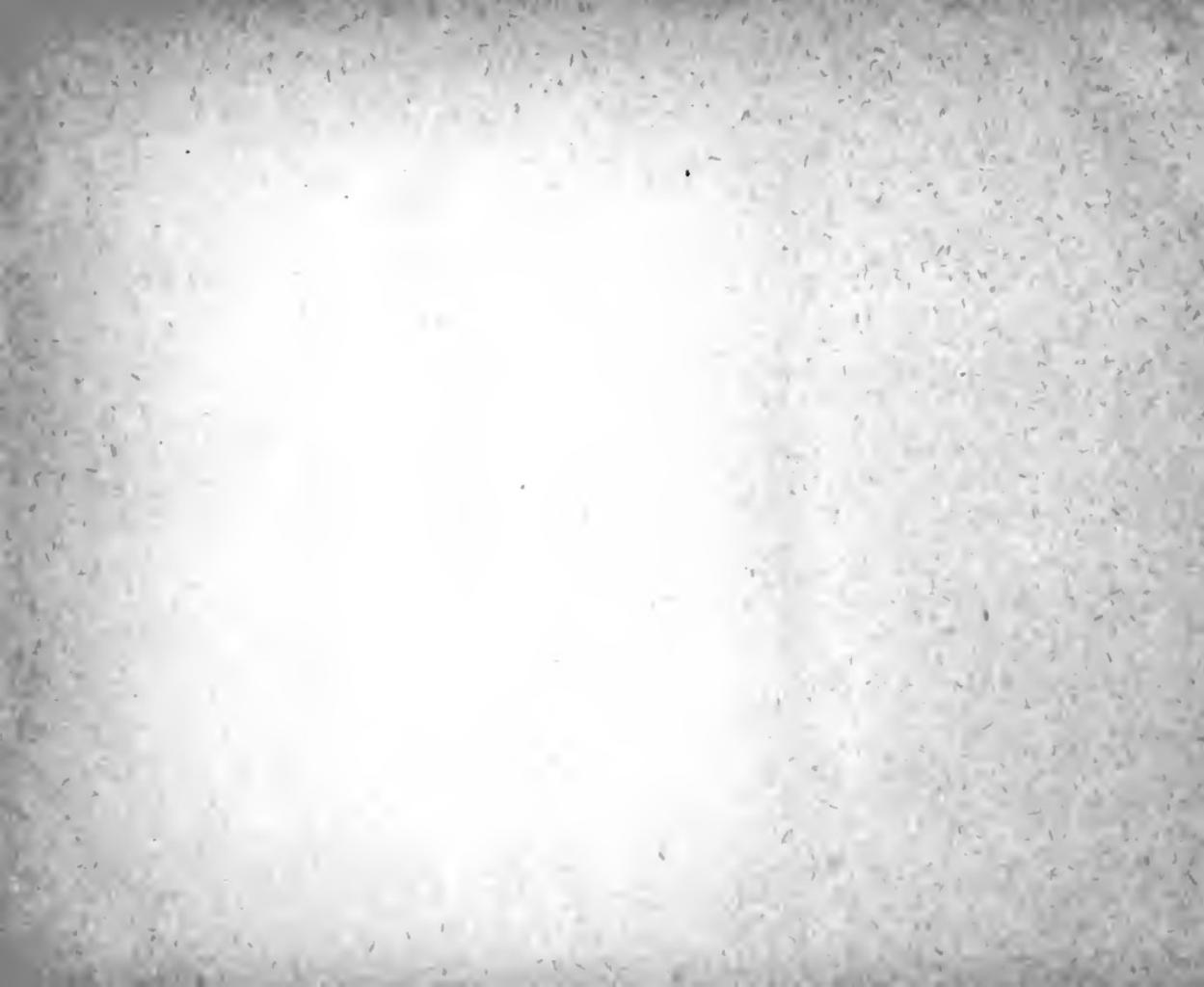
	No.		No.
Jubilee, The Year of -----	14	Oh, tell us of that world of light-----	46
Knocking at the Door-----	31	Oh, there is an hour when with tender emotion-----	84
Lambs within the Fold-----	52	Oh, to be over yonder-----	138
Land of Promise, 121-----Land beyond the River-----	141	Oh, who 'll be a soldier and battle with sin-----	18
Life's journey is to some most dark -----	119	Oh, wondrous story of the Lord-----	86
Life's rosy morn her golden light-----	12	O Jesus, light of all below -----	73
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing -----	107	O Lord, I hail thy sacred day-----	13
Lovest thou Me? -----	27	On to the Fight -----	71
Loving Him who first loved Me -----	60		
Lo, wide o'er the earth hangs the mantle, etc.-----	150	Peace, peace I leave with you -----	19
Mansions of Glory-----	63	Pilgrim Band -----	41
March on -----	76	Poor captive by sin, and by Satan controlled-----	36
Missionary Hymn, A -----	88	Praise ye the Lord, O ye pilgrim band -----	153
My Heavenly Home -----	136		
My Saviour stands waiting and knocks at the door -----	33	Reapers, reapers, haste -----	72
My Saviour's Voice -----	97	Remember Me -----	86
Name of Jesus -----	42	Rest in Jesus-----	25
Nearer Home -----	135	Resurrection, Easter-----	1, 112, 113
New Jerusalem -----	122	Return, The -----	56
New-Year's Hymn -----	114, 115	Ringing, sweetly ringing -----	98
No night in the better land -----	117		
O brothers, how the years roll on -----	114	Sabbath Hymn, 13 ; Sab. Morning, 15 ; Sab. Bells -----	98
O'er the hills the sun is setting -----	135	Salvation ! salvation ! there's joy in the sound -----	11
Oh, day of rest and gladness-----	9	Savannah -----	70
Oh, dry the falling tear -----	25	Saviour for Me -----	37
Oh for the robes of whiteness-----	134	Saviour, teach me, day by day-----	60
Oh, happy day, when grace divine -----	57	Shall I be there ? -----	32
Oh, hark to the call as it comes from the vineyard -----	61	Shall we know each other there ? -----	132
O holy, holy Father-----	17	Shepherd, Kind and Tender-----	59
Oh, tell me, ye strangers, I pray-----	41	Silent night! hallowed night! -----	102
		Sing, children, sing, when the cross you bear -----	24
		Singing for Jesus -----	94
		Something for me to do -----	50
		Sound the battle-cry -----	75
		Sowing and Reaping -----	93

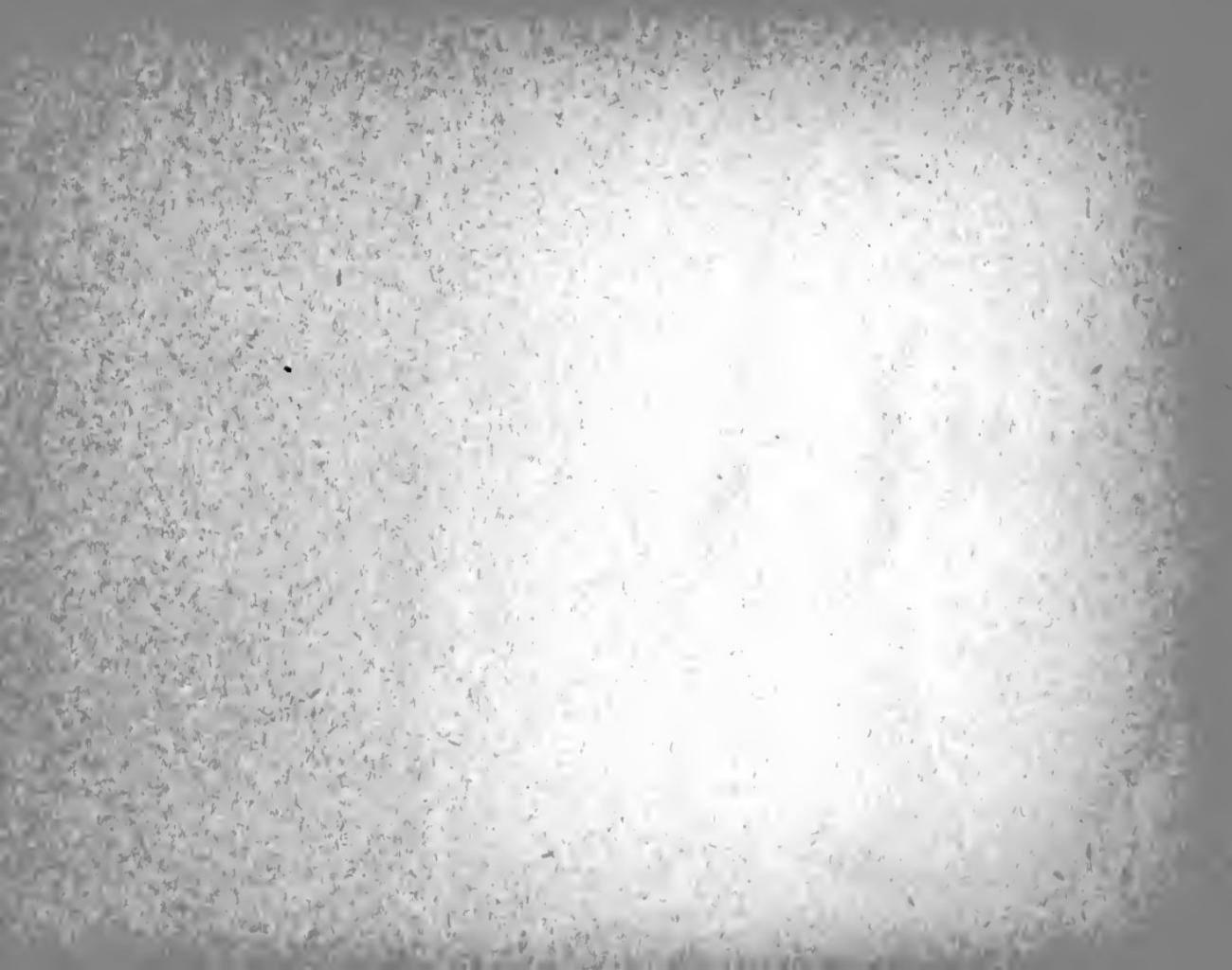
## ECHO TO HAPPY VOICES.

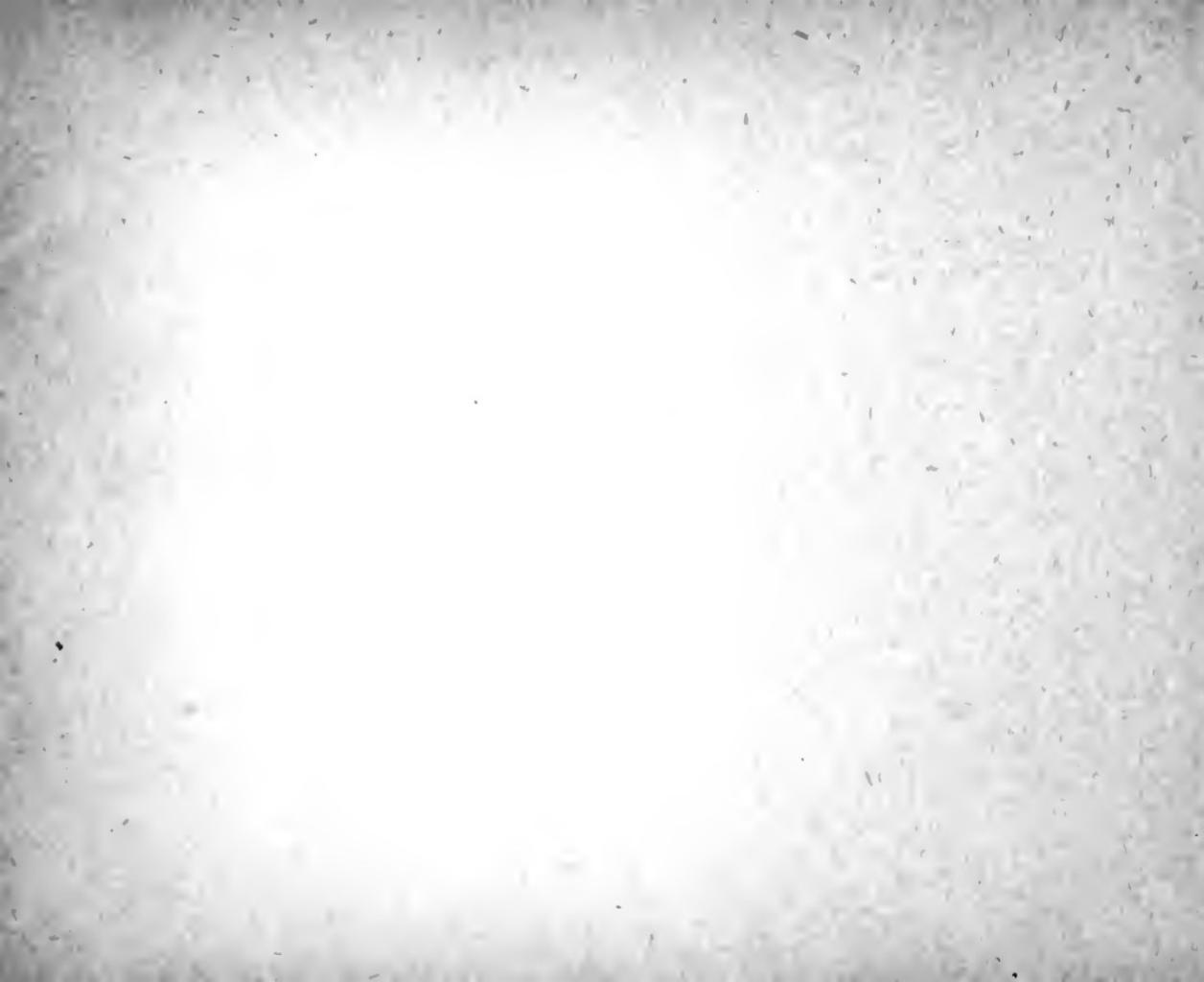
	No.		
Speak a Word for Jesus -----	85	Waiting for Me at the Portal-----	131
Stockwell -----	68	Waters of Life -----	30
Strong in the Lord and the power of his might-----	90	We are Coming-----	61
Sweet Canaan of Rest-----	58	We are going, going, going-----	82
Sweet is the light of the summer morn-----	147	We are soldiers, one and all-----	22
Sweetly she sleeps with the pious dead-----	131	Weep Not for Me-----	118
Sweet Sabbath-day -----	95	Welcome Home-----	140
Sweet, sweet, sweet the swell-----	49	Welcome the light of the glad Christmas morn-----	104
 Take Me Home-----	 124	Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer-----	99
Tell me the old, old story-----	4	We'll not in folly spend our youth-----	152
Thank God for pleasant weather-----	10	We're soldiers, and we're marching on-----	77
The birthday of the Sabbath-school-----	142	We've listed in a holy war-----	144
The day of resurrection-----	113	What can I give to Jesus?-----	80
The deadly cup while others drink-----	151	What if a little ray of light-----	50
The fathers and mothers soon will enter into rest-----	40	When chasing the phantoms of earth-----	27
The last fond look is taken-----	158	When in death's embrace I languish-----	118
The Lord is Risen-----	112	When mysterious whispers are floating about-----	137
The sweet birds are singing-----	149	When saints gather round thee, dear Saviour, above-----	32
The spacious firmament on high-----	16	When shall the shout arise?-----	74
There is a blessed country-----	121	When thou wert on earth, dear Jesus-----	44
There is a name I love to hear-----	42	While the silent stars are keeping-----	108
There is joy in the beautiful land-----	129	Why Jesus came-----	43
There's a beautiful river above-----	139	Why will you die?-----	36
There's a better land than this-----	124	Wondrous Grace-----	57
There's a fairer world than this, brothers-----	143	Work and pray-----	148
There's room for the children-----	28	Work, for the night is coming-----	83
They tell us the pathway to heaven-----	65	World of Beauty-----	120
Thou mansion bright, thou home of light-----	126	 Ye ransomed ones in glory-----	120
Through the golden gate of light-----	111	Yes, for me, for me he careth-----	92
'Tis sweet in our childhood to choose the good part-----	155	Ye troubled sighs, ye flowing tears-----	146
To the land beyond the river-----	141	Young Pilgrim's Song-----	82
 Wake, Brethren, Wake-----	 81	Young Workers-----	152
Waiting and Watching for Me-----	137	Youthful sinner, thoughtless walking-----	31
	35	Youthful wand'r'er, come away-----	35











## FAVORITE MUSIC-BOOKS FOR HOME AND SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

*"Happy Voices,"* which the best judges and popular approval place among the very best books of its kind. Price by the quantity, 25 cents each in paper; 30 cents in boards.

*"Echo to Happy Voices."* A new and admirable book of the same high order of merit. Most of the tunes are original. Prices the same as "Happy Voices."

*Hymns to Happy Voices*, without the music. 15 cents paper; 20 cents in boards.

*"Songs of Zion."* Over 400 of the best hymns in the world set to the choicest tunes. 50 cents. By the quantity to churches, 45 cents.

*"Gems for the Prayer-meeting."* The cream of sacred hymns and tunes. 10 cents. By the quantity, 8 cents in boards.

## BEAUTIFUL NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

*"Lottie Lane.* By their fruits ye shall know them." Six engravings. \$1.

*"Bertie's Birthday Present."* Finely illustrated. 60 cents.

*"Full of Jerusalem."* A history of thrilling interest. With twenty-one cuts. 75 cents.

*"Stories for Little Ones."* Thirty-seven engravings, and colored frontispiece. A charming book. 70 cents.

*"Our Father."* The Lord's Prayer brought home to the young heart. Colored frontispiece and other engravings. 40 cents.

*"Rose and her Pets."* A jewel for the youngest children, in large type and short words. Four colored, and ten other engravings. 70 cents.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK;  
AND FOR SALE AT

BOSTON, 104 Washington-street, H. E. SIMMONS; ROCHESTER, N. Y., 75 State-street, O. D. GROSVENOR; PHILADELPHIA, 1408 Chestnut-street, H. N. THISSELL; RICHMOND, 914 Main-street, T. L. D. WALFORD; BALTIMORE, Maryland Branch, 73 West Fayette-street, Rev. S. GUTEAU; CINCINNATI, Walnut-street near Fourth, SEELY WOOD; ST. LOUIS, 4 South-Fifth-street, J. W. MCINTYRE; CHICAGO, 45 Madison-street, Rev. GLEN WOOD.